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NOTES.

WE have received the following telegram from our correspondent in Cape Town: "The death sentence passed on the Reformers yesterday was nothing but a grim farce. It was commuted first thing this morning; even Conservative burghers petitioned the President to show leniency. It is a great pity that Chamberlain cancelled the invitation to Kruger—especially at the present moment, when the telegrams published in Pretoria prove the complicity of Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company in the Jameson raid." We add a point to these telegrams by the startling information given in our first leading article.

Lord Rosebery scored at Rochdale when he contrasted "the old diplomacy, rather cautious, rather reticent," represented by Lord Salisbury, with the new diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain, which is "extremely candid," and which seems to prefer the newspaper to the ordinary methods of communication. The condemnation was not excessive, for Mr. Chamberlain will not profit by experience. Again this week he has repeated the terrible blunder of publishing the terms of a Message before it has had time to reach the person to whom it was addressed. He heard from a private source that the five leaders of the Reform Committee had been condemned to death by the Court in Pretoria; forthwith he wired through Sir Hercules Robinson to President Kruger that "Her Majesty's Government can feel no doubt that your Honour will commute this sentence; and they have assured Parliament of their conviction that this is your Honour's intention." And the same evening, in answer to a "friendly question," he blurts out the very terms of this telegram.

It is difficult to characterize becomingly the bad taste and bad policy of this procedure. First of all, if Mr. Chamberlain did not know that it was President Kruger's intention to commute the death sentence, he was astonishingly ignorant where he should have been best informed. A month ago there was no doubt in Pretoria or in Johannesburg on this point. From Kruger's magnanimity towards Jameson it was surely to be inferred that he would not subject lesser offenders to the supreme penalty. Mr. Chamberlain's indecent haste in proffering advice that curiously resembles an order, robs President Kruger's intention to pardon the Johannesburgers of all grace. It seems probable, too, that Kruger will now be more severe to the prisoners in order to show that he disdains Mr. Chamberlain's menace. And what has the Colonial Secretary gained by his pretended solicitude for the safety of the Reformers? Less than nothing. He has annoyed Kruger, and certainly alienated further that "opinion of our Dutch fellow subjects in the Cape" to conciliate which he declared the other day should be "our chief object."

Some of Mr. Chamberlain's apologists assert that he had to send some such message to Kruger when he did, or he would have been bullied by the House of Commons, and particularly by the Tory Jingo. It would have been better surely to have let himself be bullied, and to have admitted that he put some trust in President Kruger's generosity, than to have thus insulted the man with whom he is dealing. But we feel compelled to go further, and to point out that the blunder, like the insulting withdrawal of the invitation to Kruger, is characteristic of Mr. Chamberlain, and only one of an unfortunate series which is destroying the good opinion created by his apparently decided and wise action at the beginning of the Jameson affair. We agree with the Liberal M.P. who told us the other day that "to say the least" he thought Mr. Chamberlain's action "amazingly undignified." It is like, he went on, having a quarrel with a man by way of letter, and getting a curt note to say that he shall send the correspondence to the newspaper twenty-four hours after you have seen it all in print. One can only chuck the letter into the waste-paper basket, exclaiming "What a bounder!"

If we are correctly informed, there is a certain disagreement in the Cabinet which has just reached an acute stage. As Chancellor of the Exchequer with a precarious surplus, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach feels himself compelled to resist the policy of adventure. In the debate on the Budget, it will be remembered, he took up his stand against any English expedition into the Soudan. But the War Office, it is asserted, intends to reconquer Khartoum. The military correspondents, who see all the authorities at the War Office, are getting ready, and even betting on the date of starting. On Thursday, 30 April, the dispute came to a head. There was a meeting of the Cabinet on that day, with Lord Wolseley in attendance. Of course, if Sir Michael Hicks-Beach stuck to his guns, and if he was backed up by other members of the Cabinet, as was commonly asserted, he probably put a spoke in the wheel of the War Office.

The alternative is to lend Egypt our forces, on the condition that Egypt pays; but that would probably mean a conference of the representatives of the six Powers, which would leave us in the old difficulty. France would say that such a conference must be unanimous in order to give its decrees binding weight; and it must be admitted that unanimity has hitherto been the generally accepted doctrine. But if the majority reported in favour of the expedition, and we acted upon their report, the French could do nothing, except bring actions against us before the Mixed Tribunals in Cairo, a course which they have already tried, and which yields no satisfactory results. From what Lord Salisbury said at the Primrose League Meeting, it seems that some attempt is likely to be made, probably at the cost of Egypt, to reconquer the Soudan.

Mr. Balfour has asked for and obtained what may be described as "the put and call" of the time of the House of Commons for the rest of the Session. That is to say, the Government can take Tuesdays and Wednesdays by simply putting down Government business on the paper for those days. The arrangement is ingenious, as it enables Mr. Balfour to keep Tuesdays and Wednesdays in his pocket to bribe the different groups with. It also enables him to favour particular private Bills, like Lord Cranborne's Benefices Bill. The calculations, however, with which the First Lord of the Treasury supported his demand, were not quite ingenious. Mr. Balfour, in counting up the days devoted to Government business, calmly omits the days spent on Supply. Now Supply is essentially Government business, inasmuch as estimates depend on policy, and their discussion excludes private members' Bills and motions. This was hardly worthy of Mr. Balfour. It was admitted that Government has never before taken command of the whole time of the House before Whitsuntide, and it is not surprising that an experienced member on the Conservative side, like Mr. Seton-Karr, entered a somewhat bitter protest.

In our last issue we predicted that London would speak on the Agricultural Rating Bill not with one but many voices; and our prophecy was realized in the debate on the second reading. Mr. Stuart and Mr. Pickersgill, Radical members for East End constituencies, opposed the Bill, while Mr. Banbury, the Conservative member for Peckham, supported it. In the poorer parts of the metropolis, such as Bermondsey and Bow, the rates are over one shilling in the pound, and London has a very strong case for relief from the Imperial Exchequer. But of course London never will have the smallest weight or influence in Parliament as long as the sixty metropolitan members all pull different ways.

A few months ago Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was in Paris, and save for casual references in some of the newspapers to the "assassin of Stambouloff," "the Coburger," and kindred pleasantries, no one paid the slightest attention to him. This week he made another visit to the French capital, this time coming direct from an ostentatiously cordial reception by the Tsar, and the difference was wonderful. Two squadrons of cavalry escorted him from the station through the streets of Paris, the President spread a State banquet in his honour, and the "Figaro" hurriedly organized for him one of those famous *café chantant* entertainments which it reserves for popular crowned heads. He had not washed the blood of Stambouloff from his hands in the interim, or made himself a whit less the intriguing and treacherous "Coburger" whom the journalists of the boulevards in their hearts despise. But he bore the *imprimatur* of Russia's patronage, and apparently there is no limit to the Republic's capacity for abasement before that august symbol.

The foreign correspondents at Vienna, for reasons sufficient to themselves, unite in regarding the anti-Semitic sentiments of the Viennese as the veritable Mark of the Beast. For over a year they have solemnly assured the outer world that the successive elections of that distinguished Jew-baiter, Dr. Carl Lueger, to the post of Burgomaster, presaged the downfall of the Austrian Empire, the confusion of Europe, and Armageddon generally, and they have hailed each refusal of the Emperor to sanction his election as a triumph for civilization scarcely less momentous than John Sobieski's arrest of the Turkish tide of invasion just outside Vienna's walls. When, to their consternation, the Emperor finally wearied of this game, and called Dr. Lueger in to arrange a compromise, by which he abandons the office for himself, but turns it over to one of his anti-Semitic nominees, they predicted with one voice that Hungary would rebel, and that Francis Joseph could hardly venture to visit Buda-Pesth and face the tempestuous wrath of the aroused Magyar. But the Emperor has gone to the Hungarian capital, and an unprecedented concourse of people left their beds at an early hour to greet his arrival with cheers as hearty as

any he has ever heard. Clearly things in Austria are not as the "Times" Correspondent sees them.

Now that Chancellors of the Exchequer are beginning to shake their heads over the elasticity of our revenue, and to look out for fresh sources to tap, note should be taken of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's answer to a question put by Mr. Jeffreys this week. It was about the shilling registration duty on imported corn which Mr. Lowe abolished in 1872. It was a small thing then and nobody minded it; certainly nobody wanted it removed; but Mr. Lowe was a painful pedant, and it offended his economic mind that there should be even the appearance of a duty on "the people's food." In the last financial year the duty would, if it had still been in force, have brought in £2,479,000. How Sir Michael must bless Mr. Lowe! Peel and Cobden and the other anti-corn law men had no objection to the duty, which was not really protective at all; but, to gratify a whim, it was thrown away. Like the London Coal and Wine Dues, its value was not realized until it was lost.

In Sir Henry Parkes Australia has lost one who, but for his personal shortcomings, might have been the Washington of the Colonies under the Southern Cross. Undoubtedly a man of considerable talents, he rose to place and power by his gift of vigorous, rugged, and picturesquely ungrammatical oratory; for a time he was so idolized by a section of the Antipodean public that he took himself quite seriously as a heaven-sent statesman. He regarded Australia as a Greater Britain and himself as the greatest of Australians. A colossal egotist, he believed that what he could not do, could be done by no one else in Australia. The fact that Australia has not come nearer to Federation than she is now is due in a large measure to his unbounded jealousy of other men's efforts. It was in his power to give backbone to the Federal Council which has existed since 1885, and his persistent resolution to have nothing to do with a body which he had no hand in creating, has stood in the way of progress. Much has been made of his loyalty to the Mother Country, but he never failed to be rude to the Imperial authorities when their view was not his. His life was very far from being a pattern one. Governors' wives found it impossible to know him or his, socially, and he so hopelessly mismanaged his affairs that bankruptcy stared him perpetually in the face. His inability to pay his debts seems to have convinced his admirers that he was an Australian Pitt.

The Session has not been productive of many surprises in the House of Commons. The majority of the new men have not had time to show their quality, or have missed their opportunities. A Radical, however, Mr. Hutton, made rather a hit the other night in his maiden speech. He has sat in the House since 1893 without opening his mouth; but when he spoke he showed himself to be at once thoughtful and articulate. We expect to hear more of Mr. Hutton: he hails from the Midlands. On the other hand, the maiden speech of Mr. Cripps, Q.C., who is said to have given up £15,000 a year at the Parliamentary Bar to enter the House, was a miserable failure. On Wednesday, however, his speech on the Rating Bill was excellent, and was considered to have blotted out the bad impression he had left on the House.

It is universally recognized that the Conservative Mr. Geoffrey Drage has gone under water so far that he will never again emerge. His impudent trial of strength with the Speaker a fortnight ago, which even made the morning papers laugh, fairly cooked his goose. The Speaker's contemptuous rebuke was the *coup de grâce*, and it was very neatly delivered. By-the-bye, it is only fair to say that Mr. Speaker Gully is doing better than we had ever imagined he would do. He has a manner of his own, which, if not so majestic, is at least more human than that of the late Speaker. He smiles frequently, and has been known to laugh outright; yet at the same time he is a severe Speaker. He is, however, not only respected in the House, but liked, although he commits blunders. It was right enough to snub Dr. Tanner, but he was hard on Mr. "Tommy"

Bowles the other evening, and when he pounced on Mr. Finch-Hatton, who was illustrating a maiden speech by reference to his Australian experience, and told him he was irrelevant, he lost touch with the majority of members.

When Mr. Chamberlain was a private member he was chairman for some years of a body in the House of Commons called "the South African Committee," which used to meet regularly in a committee-room upstairs for the purpose of considering all questions relating to South Africa. The Rev. John Mackenzie was its oracle; Mr. Sydney Buxton was one of its shining lights, and his relative, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, used regularly to entertain the Committee on sherry and biscuits in Grosvenor Crescent. This Committee was the pet aversion of Mr. Rhodes and Sir Hercules Robinson, for it took the blacks under its special protection in days when every South African white, Boer or British, who respected himself, whacked his nigger boys.

The whirligig of time brings strange revenges. This Committee melted away; first Mr. Buxton became Under-Secretary for the Colonies; then Mr. Chamberlain became Colonial Secretary. Now the South African Committee has been revived as an instrument for the chastisement of Mr. Chamberlain. The chair where once Mr. Chamberlain sat "attentive to his own applause" is occupied by Mr. George Wyndham, who leans for comfort and assistance upon Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. Galloway, a Manchester Tory of the pushful school. It is not, of course, the blacks, but the whites of South Africa that the new Committee has taken under its protection, and some Uitlander, "rightly struggling to be free," has stepped into the shoes of the "Reverend John." But what a strange junction is this of the clear waters of Mr. Wyndham with the turbid torrent of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett!

Only the Speaker and the Chairman of Ways and Means can, by the rules of the House, apply the closure. Mr. J. W. Lowther happens to be laid up with gout in the big toe, and his deputy, Mr. Grant Lawson, whatever his other merits, is useless for the chief purpose for which the Government wants a chairman. Why do not the Opposition bribe Sir Alfred Garrod to send Mr. Lowther to Aix-les-bains? The Rating Bill and Education Bill could then be killed at leisure in committee.

Speaking at Cardiff on Wednesday at the opening of the local Conservative club, Mr. J. M. MacLean, M.P., is reported in the daily papers to have spoken as follows:—"Mr. Chamberlain had taken a perfectly accurate view of what should be done by the Imperial Government. If he had fallen back latterly, it had been due to the remonstrance and influence of Sir Hercules Robinson, and had been done against Mr. Chamberlain's own better judgment." This is wild and wilful nonsense. Sir Hercules Robinson has again and again shown himself careful of Boer susceptibilities, while Mr. Chamberlain is distinguishing himself by outraging them. Mr. MacLean should get up his facts before he tries to injure those who cannot defend themselves.

We have more than once remarked upon the fairness and impartiality which President Kruger has displayed throughout the present imbroglia. The trial of the Reform Committee affords a fresh instance of this absence of animus even under the most provocative circumstances. Thus Chief Justice Kotzé considered it his duty to urge upon President Kruger the advisability of getting some impartial lawyer, who had not been in any way connected with the Jameson affair, to preside at the trial which concluded on Wednesday. President Kruger readily concurred in Mr. Kotzé's opinion, and Mr. R. Gregorowski, the Attorney-General of the Free State, and a Barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, was asked to act as judge. We feel sure that the appointment of Mr. Gregorowski has been justified, and we hope that he will accept the permanent judgeship which, we hear on the best authority, will be offered him by a special Bill of the Transvaal Volksraad in May, or June next.

WHO PLANNED THE TRANSVAAL PLOT?

THE JOHANNESBURGERS CLEARED!

THE publication on this Friday morning of the series of telegrams which were put in as evidence on Monday last at the trial of the members of the Reform Committee in Pretoria has changed English public opinion in regard to the Transvaal raid. Up to that moment the most powerful English journals, headed by the "Times," had fought passionately for Mr. Rhodes, asserting again and again that neither Mr. Rhodes nor any other director of the Chartered Company had had anything to do with the raid, which they attributed solely to Dr. Jameson. We were invited to believe that Dr. Jameson had acted on his own initiative out of a chivalrous desire to protect women and children in Johannesburg. As Dr. Jameson is on his trial we cannot discuss this part of the case yet. But we may be allowed to explain these telegrams, and supply connecting links. First of all, let it be said, to the credit of English journalism, that Mr. Cooke, the Editor of the "Daily News," has at last given up the attempt to defend Mr. Rhodes and his associates from the suspicions that hang over them. The "Daily News" now admits that "Mr. Rhodes, the managing director of the Chartered Company, Mr. Beit, another director, and Dr. Harris, its secretary, most certainly had a part, and a large part," in the plot. "The inquiry which was promised by Mr. Chamberlain has obviously become imperative," says the Radical print. The "Times," however, still continues to defend the Chartered Company and its managing director by a series of arguments which we are compelled to speak of as dishonest. The "Times," indeed, admits that the correspondence establishes the fact "that Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit, two directors of the British South Africa Chartered Company, as well as Mr. Rutherford Harris, the secretary of the Company in South Africa, were privy to a movement which was taking place in Johannesburg." . . . And then it goes on to stultify itself by saying, "The presence of Mr. Beit was desired in Johannesburg apparently for the purpose of organizing the movement." This last admission is, of course, the truth. The telegrams show beyond all possibility of doubt that the Johannesburgers did not want "to float the new Company," but were urged on to action by telegrams from Cape Town despatched by Mr. Beit and Dr. Harris, the *âme damnée* of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. But on 26 December, what Mr. Beit calls "a hitch" occurred, and by carefully pretended ignorance the "Times" continues its lame defence of Mr. Rhodes. But, if the Editor of the "Times" will ask his correspondent at Johannesburg, he can tell him—no one better—exactly what "the hitch" was that caused the Johannesburgers, even at the eleventh hour, to draw out of the plot, and thus to throw the whole responsibility of the Jameson raid on Mr. Rhodes and his confederates. Take the two telegrams published in the "Times," both dated 26 December. "Cactus—i.e. Harris, Cape Town, to Colonel Rhodes, Johannesburg:—'Dr. Jameson says he cannot give extension of refusal for flotation beyond December as Transvaal Boers opposition.'" . . . The "Times" will hardly have the audacity to deny that Harris here stands for Cecil Rhodes, and that Harris, or Cecil Rhodes, on 26 December is urging his brother in Johannesburg to immediate action, particularly as this same Harris, or rather Rhodes, had telegraphed on 23 December to Jameson at Pitsani that "the company will be floated next Saturday 12 o'clock at night. They are anxious you must not start before 9 o'clock and secure telegraph office silence. We suspect Transvaal is getting aware slightly." Yet the "Times" can write in its leading article, "It is now clear that, if Mr. Rhodes was not privy to the action of Dr. Jameson, he was a consenting party to the preparations." It would be more honest of the "Times" to say that Mr. Cecil Rhodes not only laid the train, but told them when to fire the fuse. "More honest," we say, for the ignorance and misrepresentation are wilful. Let us return to "the hitch." On this same 26 December, when Cecil Rhodes, through Harris, was wiring to his brother to press matters on, Colonel Rhodes telegraphs, not to Harris, be it remarked, but to "Charter,"

Cape Town: "It is absolutely necessary to postpone flotation. Charles Leonard left last night for Cape Town"; and on the receipt of this, Harris, Cape Town, telegraphs to Jameson, Pitsani:—"Following from Colonel F. A. Rhodes, dated 26 December—Message begins:—"It is absolutely necessary to postpone flotation. Chas. Leonard left last night for Cape Town"—message ends. Chas. Leonard will therefore arrive at Cape Town on Saturday morning. You must not move until you hear from us again. Too awful: very sorry." Now, we ask the "Times," what does that "very sorry" mean coming from Dr. Harris, or rather Mr. Cecil Rhodes, to Dr. Jameson?

But the worst remains behind. What occurred at Johannesburg between 23 and 26 December to make Colonel Rhodes in Johannesburg telegraph to his brother in Cape Town that it was "necessary to postpone the flotation" of the new Company? On the afternoon of Christmas Day, 1895, a meeting was called at Johannesburg in the house of Colonel Frank Rhodes. The meeting was called because a messenger had come from Mr. Cecil Rhodes, at Groot Schuur, with important instructions. The messenger, we were informed in Johannesburg, by two of those present at the meeting, was a gentleman extremely well known to the Johannesburg correspondent of the "Times." Accordingly when Mr. Buckle does not explain "the hitch," and misreads the telegrams, he must regard his ignorance as a virtue; for all he had to do was to ask his correspondent, Captain Young-husband, who would probably have told him what "the hitch" was and how the subsequent telegrams should be read. The gentlemen mustered at Colonel Rhodes's house in Johannesburg early in the afternoon. There were present the leaders of the Reform Committee, together with Mr. "Abe" Bailey, and Mr. James Leonard, the famous barrister and whilom Attorney-General of the Cape Colony. According to our information, and we give it with all reserve, though we believe it implicitly, the messenger stated that he was charged by Mr. Cecil Rhodes to say that Dr. Jameson's troops, when they entered Johannesburg, would have to fight under the British flag, and that it was, therefore, necessary that the British and not the Transvaal flag should be hoisted in Johannesburg. It may be, of course, that the message was differently worded; but this, according to our information, was the purport of it. Hereupon Mr. Charles Leonard got up and declared that he would have nothing to do with the plot; that he was for reform and not for revolution; that he had brought hundreds of Afrikaners into the scheme on the assurance that it was merely a reform movement; and that he would not deceive those who had trusted in him. Others spoke to the same effect, while no one was bold enough to take the opposite view. Accordingly it was resolved that all preparations for revolt should be suspended, and that Mr. Charles Leonard should be sent to Cape Town to expostulate with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and to get him to allow the thing to go forward as a reform and not as a revolutionary movement. That same Christmas night Charles Leonard, together with Mr. Hamilton, of the *Star*, left Johannesburg for Cape Town. So S. W. Jameson telegraphs from Johannesburg next day to his brother, Dr. Jameson, in Pitsani, to tell him to "postpone flotation," for "Charles Leonard left last night to interview C. J. Rhodes." Therefore, too, Harris on 27 December telegraphs from Cape Town to Jameson, Pitsani: "Charles Leonard arrives here to-morrow morning. You must wait patiently, and I will do my very utmost, but am beginning to see our shareholders in Matabeleland concession were very different to those in Secheleland matter"—for "Secheleland" should be read "Johannesburg" or "Transvaal." Then comes the later telegram from Harris to Dr. Jameson saying that the preparations will not excite suspicion—"if they (people) are so foolish as to think you are threatening Transvaal, we cannot help that." Then Hammond, Johannesburg, on Saturday, 28 December, to Hamilton, care Stevens, Chartered Company, Cape Town: "We are ready to start printing; will make any fair arrangements you wish"; and almost simultaneously a wire from Harris to Jameson, Pitsani: "You are quite right with regard to cause of delay of flotation, but Charles Leonard and Hamilton of *Star*

inform us that movements not popular in Johannesburg. When you have seen Captain Maurice Heany let us know by wire what he says. We cannot have fiasco." After this Harris, on 28 December, telegraphs doubts to Jameson; but Jameson goes ahead. Harris has told him to see Heany; Dr. Jameson sees him on the Sunday morning, and enters the Transvaal on the Sunday night. What did Heany tell the Doctor? Mr. Cecil Rhodes told Sir Hercules Robinson in Cape Town on Tuesday morning, the 31st, that he need not issue any proclamation against Jameson, because Heany had been sent to tell Jameson not to start. In their defence the Reform Committee men stated the other day in Pretoria, according to the "Times" report, that they sent "on 26 December Major Heany by train *via* Kimberley and Captain Holden across country to forbid any movement on Dr. Jameson's part." Against this we have the terrible fact that Heany saw Dr. Jameson on the Sunday morning, and went into the Transvaal with him, and was captured by his side by the Boers at Doornkop. Did Heany at Kimberley, on his road to Mafeking, get a wire from Rhodes or Harris to "float the new company" at all costs at once, or did Jameson persist in carrying out the previous arrangement not to delay the flotation beyond December? The point still undecided is unimportant, but Mr. Chamberlain can throw light on it if he will. A Royal Commission sent out to the Cape to examine witnesses on oath will soon establish the whole truth. For there are telegrams at Cape Town and Mafeking, still unread, at least as interesting as these that crossed the Transvaal borders and fell into the hands of the Boers.

It will, no doubt, be said by his apologists that Mr. Rhodes at the last hour wanted the British flag to be used out of an earnest and unselfish desire to extend the British Empire. Others will say that he wished it to be used in order to be able to incorporate Johannesburg with the Chartered Company's territory. In any case, it was an afterthought, which Mr. Rhodes evidently thought of small importance, and yet which ruined the whole scheme. The plot and its failure are alike due to Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

LORD SALISBURY AND THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

IT is noticeable that, in celebrating the thirteenth anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death, Lord Salisbury did not so much as mention the name of his late chief. It is difficult, we admit, to go on year after year saying pretty or profound things about a dead statesman. But Lord Salisbury has been accused of departing from the Beaconsfield tradition on the Eastern question, and he might therefore have taken the opportunity to answer the challenge. The Prime Minister contented himself with explaining that our Armenian policy had failed because Europe did not support us; that for his part he never expected his exhortations would produce the least effect upon the Sultan; and that he only continued them because "Exhortation," so to speak, was a colt he had taken over from Lord Rosebery "with all its engagements." This is cynical enough, and, we fear, only half the truth. The continuity of our foreign policy is a valuable understanding between the two parties; but surely it only applies to treaty engagements and a definite course of action already entered upon. No Minister is bound to continue a course of irritating lectures which he believes to be futile. The whole truth is, we suspect, that Lord Salisbury continued his exhortations to the Porte because he did not choose to defy the silly agitation which was being fomented at home by the Duke of Westminster and Canon McColl. Luckily Venezuela and the Transvaal came to his rescue, or Lord Salisbury might still be preaching to a bored and unbelieving Europe.

The Prime Minister more than once referred to the Primrose League as "a new and transforming force in politics," and he expressed his belief that the constant action of mind on mind in social intercourse was a more powerful method of warfare than the delivery of speeches and the circulation of pamphlets. If we are destined to live, as seems more than probable, in a perpetual state of siege by the Radical hosts, your citizen soldier is certainly better than your mercenary. He is always on

duty, he takes no pay, and he is nowadays reinforced by a powerful body of Amazons. The fact is that the influence of the Primrose League in a democratic society is much what the influence of the Court used to be in an aristocratic society. Burke exclaimed pettishly a century ago, "The world is no longer governed by dinners and bows!" A greater mistake that eminent philosopher never made, for until human nature is transformed the passion for social consideration will always predominate over every other motive. The Primrose League recognizes and utilizes the really great power of the Conservative party—its social power. If the great lords and ladies were to retire from the Grand Council, its local Habitations would become palaces of silence and solitude. Let us be thankful to the Hebraic genius which discovered and turned to account this amiable weakness of the democratic man.

Upon general politics Lord Salisbury was so reticent as to be uninteresting. He emphasized the trite moral of the General Election of 1895. The danger of building permanent hopes, or of drawing large inferences, from the result of a general election, is in a country like Great Britain very great. At the opening of the last Parliament Mr. Gladstone remarked upon the fact that a majority of 211 English members against Home Rule in 1886 had sunk in 1892 to the modest figure of 71. "I want to know," Mr. Gladstone asked, looking triumphantly round the House, "who will be the effective guarantor that this remainder will not also vanish?" A week or two later, Mr. Gladstone pointed exultingly to Mr. Balfour, and thundered out, "Never again will you have a majority of 120 at your back to enable you to coerce Ireland against the wishes of her people." This "never" looks remarkably foolish to-day, only three years later. The Unionists are in danger of falling into the same mistake of thinking their majority perpetual, or their triumph other than the momentary and fleeting thing it is. A catastrophe in the Soudan, or a disaster in the Transvaal, might easily produce a revulsion of public feeling. Such bold experiments as the Agricultural Rating Bill should not be repeated, or at least not too often. Perhaps the most interesting passage of Lord Salisbury's speech is his admission that the object of the Dongola expedition is to restore the Soudan to Egypt. The avowal is, of course, enveloped in the usual phrases about our trust to Egypt, and Lord Salisbury adds that the discharge of this imperative duty need not necessarily prolong our occupation of Egypt beyond the period at which it would otherwise have terminated. This is the customary rigmarole. But, supposing it should be decided that the Caisse cannot contribute to the expenses of the expedition, we should be curious to see how long Great Britain would persevere in what may turn out to be a hazardous enterprise.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE thirty-fifth Ministry of the French Republic is not intended to be taken seriously. The situation at Paris is at once so difficult and so shapeless that no politician of the first class would dream of accepting responsibility for its developments, and, with one exception, the men who have been found willing to step forward into the breach are hardly even of the second class. M. Méline is an elderly dull little man, who has persisted so long in remaining in politics, despite the yawns of his fellow-countrymen, that he has finally achieved a certain sort of prominence. This simple bourgeois is at the present moment the proprietor of the "République Française," once the organ of Gambetta, for whom he has a great admiration. As a politician, M. Méline is one of those gentle Liberals who go through life under the delusion that they can convince their opponents by argument; and the fact that he has from the beginning of his public career clung with limpet-like tenacity to one hobby—that of Protection, carried to a point of Chinese exclusiveness—renders his name familiar to Frenchmen in much the sense that Mr. Plimsoll's name was familiar here twenty years ago. Nobody in England ever asked Mr. Plimsoll to form a Ministry, it is true; but they manage these things differently in France. There the

Republic devours its sons so rapidly that opportunities come to all who will wait long enough. The French Mundella or Shaw-Lefevre needs only sufficient patience and pertinacity to find the Premiership some day within his grasp. Thus the time for M. Méline has come round, and he takes his place as the twenty-third in the list of politicians who have filled the chair at the head of the Cabinet table since Jules Favre began the series in 1870.

That he will occupy this chair for more than a few days, or at the utmost weeks, seems not to be supposed by any one. If the Parliamentary position in France afforded the promise of stability to any possible Cabinet, M. Méline would not be at its head. He and his shadowy associates are recognized on all sides as of the stop-gap order. The one figure in this temporary Ministry about whom people will think twice is M. Hanotaux, whose return to the Foreign Office has a significance not limited by the troubled domestic situation. He comes back to the Quai d'Orsay as the visible embodiment of an anti-English reaction, and as the symbol of a revived cordiality in Franco-Russian relations. We in England cannot forget that during the time in which M. Dupuy and M. Ribot were in power the pretexts for quarrelling with London were multiplied in Paris so busily that it taxed our attention to keep track of them, and that this task was throughout in the hands of M. Hanotaux. When he retired from office in October last, the relations between France and England were in a state of tension such as had not existed since the fall of the Second Empire. It is natural to suppose that M. Hanotaux resumes the post with unaltered conceptions of foreign policy, and as experience has shown that these are uniformly hostile to us, we may assume that a new period of misunderstandings and friction with our French neighbours has been entered upon.

This gives us an exceptional interest in the speculations as to the probable duration of this period, and here at once the outlook is obscured by a dense fog of uncertainty. For the first time in the history of the Republic, a Ministry which was able to maintain majorities in the Chamber of Deputies to the last has been forced out of office by a series of adverse votes in the Senate. The framers of the Constitution failed to foresee or provide for any such contingency, and there are no precedents whatever to guide prophecy as to what may or may not happen under such unlooked-for conditions. If the Deputies could be depended upon to remain inflexibly in their mood of last week, the Méline Cabinet could not last over Sunday, unless it had first dissolved the Chamber. But there is among French politicians a curious instinctive impulse to give a new Ministry a run for its money, as it were, which has often in the past enabled a fresh Premier to keep himself in office for months when logically he should have been defeated and cast out the first day. This tendency, underneath which we need not go out of our way to suspect the presence of occult influences, may avail now to give M. Méline a semblance of success in his adventure, for a short time at least. But he can only obtain a majority, from the very outset, by securing the support of all the reactionary and anti-Republican elements in the Chamber, and sooner or later this spectacle of a nominally Republican Cabinet relying for its existence upon the friendship of monarchical groups must inevitably produce a combination of Radicals strong enough to upset it. In the present instance, the additional fact that the Senate has challenged the Chamber to a test of strength, and that M. Méline occupies the position of a champion of the Upper House as against his own House, considerably lessens the chance of his being able to maintain himself in office during even a curtailed period of grace.

Out of the *impasse* thus threatened, it is hard to see any regular means of escape except that of a dissolution. This is most probably what M. Méline has up his sleeve. The character of the man whom he has made Minister of the Interior, M. Barthou—a young Basque journalist whose daring and pugnacity commended him to the fancy of M. Constans in the time of the Boulanger troubles, and who was brought from the Pyrenees up to Paris as the *protégé* of that famous manager of ballot-boxes—lends colour to the suspicion that there is a general election in the air. By all accounts, M. Barthou has

not studied the Constans method of arranging electoral results in vain, and it would seem as if he was to be given the opportunity of showing as much.

There remains, however, an irregular way out of the political *cul de sac* which observers in Paris clearly regard as among the possibilities. The Radicals and Socialists, who constitute about the half of the Chamber, comprise a good deal more than half of the effective fighting force within the loose bounds of the Republican party. They have at their command weapons of press abuse and popular agitation which their opponents dread, and which may be used again, as they were in January 1895, to frighten those who have the power of decreeing a dissolution, and to precipitate in its stead a Presidential crisis. A fortnight ago the Radicals supposed that they had M. Félix Faure on their side in the struggle with the Senate. It is apparent to them now that he has ranged himself definitively in the other camp, and their allegation of treachery imparts added fury to the personal campaign which their journalists and Jacobin clubs have begun against him. The popular ferment which they are intent upon, and capable of stirring up, would render a general election more or less of a national ordeal; but, on the other hand, the resignation of the President, and the consequent summoning of a Congress at Versailles, offer equally unpleasant menaces of turbulence. It is indeed a difficult and trying situation, which a much bigger and abler man than M. Méline would be warranted in fearing to confront.

THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIUM.

BUDAPEST to-day offers a spectacle such as none of our colourless Western capitals can ever hope to rival; even Rome or Vienna is left far behind when Magyadom sets out worthily to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the consolidation of the kingdom under the Arpad dynasty. The Millenary Exhibition which will be inaugurated by the King—woe betide any one who speaks of His Apostolic Majesty as “Kaiser” on such a day!—no doubt resembles all other exhibitions in many of its features; but the variety of race, costume, and language, not to speak of the artistic instinct, of the people will give to the Hungarian capital a brilliancy all its own. Fancy our Peerage, with its worthy and substantial promoted bankers, brewers, and contractors, turning out in a full-dress procession, “each man mounted on his capering beast,” to the opening of Parliament. Yet when the King of Hungary goes to open the new Parliament House this summer, he will be escorted by a mounted procession of ten thousand men, the Magnates and their retinue,—and the pageant will not look ridiculous. This is one of the things they manage better in Hungary. But the Exhibition has also its practical side, calling attention, as it does, to the marvellous material progress achieved by the kingdom during the last two decades. In this respect Hungary, the most Eastern of the old European countries, resembles rather one of the rapidly growing Western States of America than an ancient monarchy with a thousand years of continuous history. The Exhibition is, above all, the work of M. de Baross, who has not lived to see its opening, but his too brief career as Minister of Commerce will not be forgotten to-day. His railway reforms, under which in a couple of years the passenger traffic increased over two hundred per cent., and his great undertaking for the opening of the Iron Gates on the Danube, are the works by which he is best known; but there is not a department of the industrial life of the country which is not the better for his influence.

It is the juxtaposition of the old and the new, of the remote East and the progressive West, that makes Hungary one of the most interesting of European countries to visit. When the kingdom was founded Europe was still in the Dark Ages; the Empire of Charlemagne had been broken up; Russia did not exist; the Normans had not settled in France; Alfred the Great reigned in England; Ireland was the great school of Western learning. Coming from some remote and unknown East, the pagan warriors who created the kingdom marked out the boundaries and founded the institutions that still exist. By the conversion of

King Stephen and the conferment by the Pope of the title of “Apostolic King,” Hungary formally entered the European system, in which, linked in a free union with Austria, she now plays a considerable part. Placed as she was—the barrier between Europe and barbarism—it was inevitable that she should suffer more than her share of bloodshed and distraction, but the settlement of 1867 has secured her peaceful development during the present generation. If the country could be saved from internal and external discord, it might become one of the richest and most prosperous in Europe; but between Slav and Teuton the position of the Magyar is not a very safe one, and when the great war for the inheritance of “the Sick Man” breaks out in real earnest, it will be difficult for Hungary to keep clear of it, and all that thirty years of peace have done to restore the ravages of centuries may be undone in an autumn’s campaign.

The disappearance from the scene of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph has long been looked forward to with dread by all who understand what is going on in Eastern Europe. Manœuvred out of Germany by the unscrupulous strength of Prince Bismarck, Austria has been more and more forced to lean to the East. The “Drang nach Osten” has been successful enough so far as it has gone, and the first stage of the journey to Salonica, the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, has, thanks to M. de Kallay, a Hungarian, been a brilliant triumph of administration. But how long will it all hold together when the moderating hand of the wise and resourceful prince who has done so much for peace in his forty-six years of troubled rule is removed? Hungarian and Austrian seem to hate each other as bitterly as ever, and the arrangement of the “Ausgleich” does not grow less difficult with each renewal. The enthusiasm displayed in Vienna for a brawling demagogue like Lueger, in whom the anti-Hungarian tendency is almost as marked as the anti-Jewish, bodes ill for the future; and if German, Slav, and Magyar take to quarrelling, there will be little left of the Dual Monarchy. If Austria and Bohemia go to the West, a Magyar-Slav Empire, with its capital on the Danube, and with ports on the Adriatic and the Ægean, might be possible; but many things would happen before that result was accomplished, and the man to achieve it has not yet shown himself. To-day, however, Budapest will not think of the overcast future, and all Europe will send a message of goodwill to the kingdom that is at once one of the oldest and one of the youngest in the family of civilization.

KRUGER AS HE IS.

PART II.

A TALK WITH THE PRESIDENT.

IN the first article of this series, published last week, I told how Chief Justice Kotzé went with me to President Kruger in order to present me. On our way the Chief Justice (affectionately called “Chief” by all who know him in South Africa) talked freely about the President, for whose person he cherishes a warm admiration. He summed up the matter in a few pregnant phrases. “Kruger’s great qualities of heart and character,” he said, “entitle him to be regarded as the father of his people. He is the greatest man whom the Boers have yet produced; and, although I stood against him for the Presidentship in 1892-3, I was not sorry when he was re-elected, and I have since supported him loyally, my judgment being in agreement with his on the general lines of policy.” The Chief then gave me some hints as to how I should treat this democratic ruler. “Kruger loves the truth,” he said; “you need not be afraid to speak your mind freely, even if what you say runs counter to his most cherished convictions and annoys or angers him. He will hear you and answer you, and in his heart of hearts think the more of you for your outspokenness.” I could not help showing a certain amount of incredulity; “You make him out to be a great man.” “At any rate, it is possible to approach him without flattery or feigned humility,” replied Kotzé, quietly; “and I shall be astonished if he does not make a better and deeper impression on you than you seem to

expect." With these words in my ears we drew up before the unpretentious but comfortable one-storied house which is Kruger's dwelling. The only sign of state was the appearance on the stoop of a solitary Boer, half-policeman, half-soldier, armed with his rifle. As this official saluted the Chief, we passed at once into the house, and turned to the left into the large room which serves the President at once as sitting and reception room. The first thing that struck me in the room was its curious resemblance to the parlours of Western American farmhouses and of British cottages. Race characteristics persist in defiance of circumstances. Here, in the centre of the room, was the usual round table spread with devotional books and one or two presentation copies richly bound; here before a window the usual cluster of wax fruits under an oval glass; there on the walls the sugared affectations of Samuel and Ruth, and under them the chairs stiff-backed and standing at mathematical distances like so many drilled soldiers. The effect was pitiable and absurd.

As I looked about me perpetually discovering new peculiarities which were old acquaintances, President Kruger came into the room with a sort of business-like haste. He walked heavily, I noticed, like a man with more strength than elasticity, the result of age, I suppose (the President is over seventy); for the Chief had told me that Kruger had been a famous athlete in his youth, and had been noted for speed of foot as well as for strength. Kruger himself, it appears, in exemplification of his belief in the superiority of the white over the black races, even in physique, loves to tell of how he once ran against three Zulu runners and beat the best of them by some ten miles, covering himself over eighty miles in the twenty-four hours, which, for an untrained man, must be regarded as an extraordinary feat. Kruger stands now about 5ft. 8in.; in youth he was, probably, about 5ft. 9in. His shoulders are very broad; his frame at once square and deep. His great size and length of body render him ungraceful, almost uncouth. He seemed ill, too. Gummy bags under his eyes suggested an advanced state of kidney disease, and his skin had the unhealthy, tallowy pallor that tells of deep-seated malady; the attack, however, had not yet reached the vitals; the man was still strong, though slow. He was clad in a suit of black broadcloth; the frock coat was stained all down the front, apparently by drippings of soup. The clothes were of the same cut and material as those of a Western American Methodist preacher, but far dirtier and more untidy. Even the shirt the President wore seemed crumpled and dirty as if it had been slept in. His hand-clasp was perfunctory; he was evidently glad to get the business of presentation over, and to seat himself in his armchair, pipe in hand, after motioning the Chief and myself to two seats opposite him. He then kicked open a large spittoon that stood between us, and having spat into it, intimated with a nod and a word that the interview might begin. The Chief, who was good enough to assist me in making myself intelligible, told Kruger that he had brought me to him as an English journalist who wished to tell the truth about the Transvaal and its inhabitants.

"Then he must be very different from a good many English journalists," growled the old man suspiciously, "who tell nothing but lies about the Transvaal and its inhabitants. They all say that Jameson came to protect the women and children, as if any burgher had ever harmed a white woman or a white child. And when they can't send lies enough from Johannesburg, they send them from Charleston."

I replied "that it was rather unfair to judge all English journalists by a few, and that it must be remembered that the slapping of our faces by America and Germany had aroused a considerable amount of jingo feeling in England, which these journalists were trying to satisfy."

Quick as lightning came the response that "it said little for the English people if they required to be fed on lies. Every one knows," he went on, "how careful the Boer is of white women and children. When we were discussing an attack on Johannesburg after the raid, the first thing we considered was how to get all the women and children out of the town if the inhabitants persisted in defying us. We arranged for

six empty trains to be ready to take them out before we even considered our ultimatum. Tell that to the English people, and they will have, perhaps, a little better idea of the Boers, if, indeed, they can now digest truth as well as lies."

At this stage I began to realize that Paul Kruger could state a case pretty forcibly. His indignant tones, too, added weight to the powerful words. He went on reflectively, "When we show mercy to men caught with arms in their hands, raiders, murderers, even our enemies might believe that we could be trusted to take care of 'women and children.'"

I nodded assent: "The English people will understand all that when they have had time for calm reflection; they will appreciate, too, the kindness with which your burghers treated the wounded—and everything; but just now they are trying to work themselves into a temper because you hold the Reform Committee men to trial and make the circumstances of their bail onerous. For example, the Reformers are out on bail in very heavy amounts, unreasonable amounts, because all their interests being in Johannesburg, they are certain not to break their bail-bonds and flee the country, and yet they are forced to pay for policemen to guard them while they are not allowed to leave Pretoria. All that seems to Englishmen oppressive, and appears to contradict the generosity you showed to Jameson and his men."

The President stubbornly debated every point. "Justice," he said, "would keep the men close prisoners; they were rebels, and knew of Jameson's plot, and fostered it; they themselves had taken up arms against the Government, and only laid them down under compulsion; it was kindness and generous treatment to let such men out on bail, however restricted," and so forth.

And when I objected that these charges had yet to be proved against the prisoners, he scoffed at what he evidently regarded as unworthy hairsplitting. "We have got the rifles of the Johannesburgers here in Pretoria," and he raised his deep rough voice menacingly, "and they are marked, as Jameson's rifles were marked, B.S.A., and yet we are blamed for treating conspirators and rebels and raiders better than such men were ever treated before, better than the English ever treated their enemies."

The words came without a check or correction, in an indignant torrent: I understood why people praised Kruger's preaching; the man is a born orator. And his case was very strong. I could find nothing of weight to oppose to his arguments, and so I changed front slightly: "Please do not take what I say as intended for blame. All Englishmen now must believe in your magnanimity. I only wanted it to be flawless, perfect."

The old man's features lightened; he was evidently more malleable to flattery than to opposition; a curious sort of twinkle dawned in the corner of his small grey eyes as he went on:

"When the guilt of these Johannesburgers is established and can be denied by none, then it will be time enough to show that we are not vindictive." (This royal "we" astonishes by its appropriateness. Paul Kruger uses it in all simplicity, identifying himself unconsciously with his people.)

The half-promise was too valuable to be exposed to the risks of further discussion; but it so gratified me that I could not help saying:

"You should accept Mr. Chamberlain's invitation and go to England, President; you would have a wonderful reception, and I feel sure that all points at issue would soon be settled when you were both face to face."

The little grey eyes probed me. Evidently he was growing suspicious. "The English Government," he said at length, "does not act very generously to me. It publishes messages to me before they have reached me, and treats us as if we had been the party who broke the Convention and behaved outrageously. Yet what we ask is reasonable and just."

"First of all, we ask for an indemnity. We shall have to support the families of the four Boers murdered by the raiders, and the wounded will have to receive some compensation. We are told that we should not claim an indemnity because England did not claim an indemnity when we made raids years ago into Stella-

land and Zululand. Quibbles of a pettifogging lawyer! The Zulus came across our frontier, stole the cattle of our burghers; we followed and punished them, treating their leaders as independent chiefs; and now the English Government compares our defensive action with Jameson's raid upon a civilized and friendly community. Is that fair treatment?

"Secondly, we want to incorporate Swaziland with the Transvaal. We have half got Swaziland; let us have it without restrictions, and our burghers will say, 'Perhaps Oom Paul was right. At any rate, we got something for giving up Jameson instead of punishing him.' But the British Government seems determined to ask everything and give nothing."

"Thirdly, we want the Convention of '84 changed into a treaty of amity and commerce; we want to be able as an independent people to give a 'most-favoured-nation' clause. Not that we wish to act against Great Britain in foreign affairs; we are quite willing to incorporate Clause 4 of the Convention in a protocol to the treaty. We don't want any foreign affairs; we wish to be let alone by everybody, and nothing more. Is that unreasonable?"

"And, lastly, we wanted a formal guarantee that we should not be raided again; that our independence would be respected by England. I said that, if these four things could be freely and fully discussed, I would accept Mr. Chamberlain's invitation and go to England. We are told that these matters cannot be discussed unless we on our side are prepared to discuss the 'admitted grievances' of the Outlanders in the Transvaal. That is monstrous. First of all, there are no 'admitted grievances' of the Outlanders in the Transvaal" (the old man's voice had deepened to a growl)—"that I'll prove to you directly" (I nodded acquiescence); "and if there were, what right has England to interfere after promising solemnly in the 1884 Convention that she would not interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal? Mr. Chamberlain has interfered from the beginning in our internal affairs, just as if we had been the raiders and not the raided; we hear of nothing but 'Outlanders' grievances' and now of 'admitted grievances.' All lies; there are no grievances. Oh, yes! you do not believe me; but I will prove it to you." (Without a pause, the old man went on quite calmly in his ordinary voice, though he had been shouting the moment before. The abrupt change made me a little suspicious of the sincerity of his excitement. Gradually, however, I came to believe that the emotions were sincere enough, but that the judgment held them in perfect control. The waves, with their noise and turmoil, affect only the surface of the deep.) "First of all, these Outlanders can become citizens after two years' residence by taking the oath of allegiance."

"Ah, but they cannot vote for the President or for the members of the highest Volksraad," I could not help interjecting, "and the resolutions of the lower Volksraad can be ignored by the upper Raad. With such restrictions there is no citizenship."

"I am told," the President answered quietly, "that no foreigner can become a President of the United States, and yet England does not send messages to the American Government protesting against this as an 'admitted grievance.' Let me go on. These—half citizens, if you like the word—can become full citizens easily enough. As soon as they are commandeered and serve the State in any war, I have always offered them full rights as burghers. Some Germans have thus become full burghers, but very few Englishmen. Do you know why? Because they do not want to be burghers of the Transvaal; they only come here to make money, and they want to get away home again as soon as possible. There are no 'admitted grievances,' there are 'pretended grievances,' and nothing more."

"I don't agree with you, President. Every Englishman will admit that a citizen should defend the State; but that a man should fight for a foreign State in order to win the right of citizenship is to make him a mercenary; the privilege should precede the duty. Will you allow me to be quite frank with you?"

"Certainly, certainly. Go on. But you do not know the conditions of this country. If we admitted every one to citizenship, we should be overwhelmed."

I did not draw attention to this very palpable contra-

diction of what the President had just said, that "they (the English-born Outlanders) did not wish to be burghers of the Transvaal." In the election of 1892-3 Kruger, representing the Conservative party among the Boers, only managed to beat Joubert, the Progressive candidate, by just over a thousand votes. Evidently what was in Oom Paul's mind was that, if he accorded the privileges of citizenship to the Outlanders, he would not stand any chance of being re-elected as President. His calculation was unquestionably exact; and, as I had no wish to force his selfishness into prominence, I let the matter stand as it was. It is probable that five thousand Afrikaners in Johannesburg would become citizens of the Transvaal to-morrow if they could. The number of British-born inhabitants of Johannesburg who would avail themselves of the privilege would, I believe, be few. Wishing, however, for the sake of peace and good feeling, to put the Outlanders' case as strongly as possible, I urged the advisability of following the example of the United States, where it was found that not only Englishmen, but Italians, Swedes, Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, in fact all Europeans, as soon as they were admitted to citizenship, fulfilled the duties of it. I tried to push home the point by a somewhat inapt but homely simile.

"A good cook," I said, "mixes water in proportion to the meal, or the porridge would be spoiled."

The President laughed outright as he volleyed the ball:

"I am the cook, and I know that it would take but very little water to spoil our Boer meal."

The laugh having lightened the stress of argument, I went back to the President's previous remarks; for I wanted him to go to England, knowing that such a visit would strengthen those of his supporters who had English sympathies and tend to weaken the influence exerted by his Hollander advisers.

"Three out of your four demands," I began, "will certainly be granted if you go to England. There will be no difficulty in arranging the indemnity, or in handing you over Swaziland, or in substituting a treaty of commerce and amity with Clause 4 in the protocol for the Convention of '84; but even Mr. Chamberlain could not guarantee the future independence of the Transvaal unless you promised to remedy the grievances of the Outlanders."

"Why couldn't he?" Kruger interrupted.

"Because he would be accused in Parliament of guaranteeing the independence of a Boer oligarchy that denied English settlers the ordinary rights of citizenship. He could not thus perpetuate an injustice to his own countrymen."

Kruger here tossed his head as if he did not believe me, and the little grey eyes darkened and narrowed to points of angry suspicion.

"What did you mean by saying I could get three-fourths of what I wanted if I went to England? What has my going to England to do with it?"

"Because it seems to me it would be well to consider Mr. Chamberlain's little vanity; he, too, is human, and would, I imagine, like a Parliamentary triumph."

The President's suspicions seemed to vanish; he grinned with comprehending amusement, and nodded his head delightedly. I took courage to go on:

"But you must not deny the grievances of the Outlanders. I am inclined to agree with you that these grievances are exaggerated, and made to appear much more oppressive and unjust than they really are; but that grievances do exist no one can deny. For example, let us take some one whom you cannot object to as arbitrator—Mr. Hofmeyr, of Cape Town, the head of the Afrikaner Bond, a Dutch patriot, if ever there was one. Let him decide what grievances the Outlanders suffer under; let him suggest a list of reforms, and I feel sure that Mr. Chamberlain will accept, at least provisionally, his scheme."

"No, no," he broke in hotly; "I want no arbitrator. I am placed here to defend the independence of my people, and I shall do it. These Outlanders do not love the Transvaal or its independence; they hate both. Have not the Johannesburgers taken up arms against us? Shall we make enemies citizens, and admit our foes into the fortress? The grievances are all imaginary, or they arise out of the peculiar circumstances. Take the Netherlands Railway matter, for

instance, that they are always talking about in Johannesburg as a grievance. That's the worst of the grievances, isn't it?" (I shook my head, but he went on unheeding.) "Well, the contract for that railway was offered in Cape Town and, I believe, in London; but no Englishmen would take it up. No gold had then been discovered in Johannesburg, and so the English would not take the risk of helping us by building a railway. But the Hollanders did help us; they took up the contract. Then gold was found, and the Railway Concession became very valuable, and at once the English cry out against it, and want it cancelled. But I am not sorry to see those making money who helped us in our need. In time, no doubt, the State will take over the railways, and try to consider the gold-mining industry; but there is no hurry, in my opinion, and I am here to judge just such matters."

I might have spoken against this reasoning; but clearly the President wished the long and frank talk to end on this note, and accordingly I had nothing to do but take my leave. As we went out together on the stoep, the President introduced me to Vrow Kruger, a peaceful-looking old lady, who rose to greet us. In the carriage the Chief turned to me with an interrogative "Well?"

"You were right," I answered. "Kruger made a deeper and a better impression on me than I had anticipated."

F. H.

SOME MEMORIES OF TREITSCHKE.

WHEN I think of Heinrich von Treitschke as he appeared a few years ago I find it difficult to believe that his fine, stalwart, almost herculean figure has been laid low by the same foe which strikes down commonplace mortality. Far from resembling the conventional type of scholar, he was a man of singularly imposing presence, with nothing in his outward appearance to indicate that he either scorned delights or lived laborious days. Tall and massive, his broad shoulders were surmounted by a heavy, square head, from which looked two keen and restless eyes, that knew nothing of spectacles, even in a much-besppectacled country.

Since the death of Leopold von Ranke, no one has disputed Treitschke's pre-eminence amongst contemporary German historians, omitting, of course, Mommsen, whose dominion is his own. Treitschke's colleagues in historical science crowned him with their own hands, and his countrymen generally have confirmed their choice. In a special sense Treitschke is the annalist of modern Germany and Prussia, in virtue of which function he received from the Emperor William I. the office of Historiographer of the Prussian State. The glorification of Germany in history was for over thirty years his mission, and he pursued it with a consistency and an assiduity which failed neither of success nor recognition. In elaborate books, in a long succession of essays published in his own and other historical reviews, and in a still greater degree in the lectures which he delivered as a Professor of the University of Berlin, he proved himself a valiant champion of Germanism and German unity, on whose behalf he was ever ready to break a lance, come the combatant whence he might. Yet the peculiar merit of Heinrich von Treitschke as a historian suggests his peculiar defect. Germany bulked so large in his mind that he allowed himself to fall into one-sidedness and partisanship. In the words of the national song, Germany was literally to him "above everything," and everything else therefore took a subsidiary place. Facts might suffer, events and tendencies might be misinterpreted, but that was so much the worse for them: his business was to view the world and mankind from a Teutonic standpoint, and to judge and theorize accordingly.

This partiality has lessened the value of his work, when tried by the tests of pure science; yet his reputation and influence at home became proportionately greater. For it may be said with truth that Treitschke was the historian whom a regenerated Germany needed. German unity was not achieved solely by the humiliation of France and the signing of the Versailles proclamation. Without the creation of a powerful national sentiment and a national pride and self-consciousness which

had not hitherto existed, the New Germany might soon have gone the way of most premature innovations. To create and strengthen these conditions of a real national renaissance became, consciously or unconsciously, Treitschke's special work; and herein he has done a service to his country which can hardly be overestimated.

Treitschke's one-sidedness was even more conspicuous in his spoken addresses as a professor than in his writings. In the lecture-room no one looked for absolute objectivity from him. His sympathies began with Prussia and ended with Germany, and what concerned neither of these received scant justice. Seldom did a lecture pass without drastic comment upon some country or other which had failed to become part and parcel of the German Empire in 1870. Now it was France, now Russia, now England, now the United States: each had its turn. I am bound to say that England had more than her share of these attentions: it was Treitschke's way of flattering us.

"The English—umph!—they regard the consumption of soap as a sign of civilization!"

"The English imagine themselves to be the most moral of nations, but happily they are not."

"A German could not live long in the atmosphere of England—an atmosphere of sham prudery, conventionalism, and hollowiness: it is too much for us."

These are specimens taken at random. It may be objected that such *dicta* have no obvious relation to history; but it was "Treitschke's way"—so ran the indulgent verdict. It was not a very gracious way, perhaps, yet the man's evident sincerity, his honest candour, and the impression which he always gave—even when in his severest mood—that he was uttering his fullest conviction disarmed serious resentment.

Extreme in theories, he was extreme, too, in language. If he had a dislike, he expressed it in words that left no doubt as to its reality. His lectures teemed with satire and gibe, and strong invective was not uncommon. Romans, Celts, and Liberalism were "vulgar" to him; he could not mention the Jews without uncomplimentary references calculated to provoke angry protest from listening sons of Israel; whilst an allusion to Voltaire once drew from him a characteristic outburst against "the impudent scoffing which left his impudent mouth." The marvel is that his success and popularity as an academic teacher were achieved in the face of a great and painful obstacle. He was quite deaf from infancy, and as a consequence his articulation was very defective. Yet, in spite of this double disadvantage, he was one of the most brilliant lecturers of the University, and at one time could hold the Reichstag itself under the spell of his rhetoric. His command of language was, indeed, complete, and once you were able to follow him there was no resisting his charm. Without haste, yet literally without rest, he would pour out from the treasure of an inexhaustible vocabulary a continuous stream of language, every sentence as perfect in construction as though read from one of his books. He never faltered unless overcome by feeling, for his passions were strong. Beginning his lecture the moment he had ascended the desk, he gave you no breathing space until he had spoken his three-quarters of an hour, or his hour and a half, as the case might be, and then suddenly and without warning his voice dropped and he had done. Yet a more finished, more concise, more logical manner of address was never heard.

A man of Treitschke's bellicose temperament could hardly have kept clear of politics, and in his day he figured in many hot polemics. Here, too, he was assisted rather than hindered by that faculty of seeing only one side of a question which constitutes a distinct mental endowment. In the abstract Plato's Republic probably best expressed his political ideals. In practical life he aimed at an aristocracy.

I have heard him speak of Hobbes's theory of government as simply "frightful" (*schrecklich*), yet the virtual absolutism (*sans phrase*) which even now survives in Germany was for him too liberal to need further modification. It was not always so, for Treitschke early in life held counsel with the Liberals. He broke with them, however, when Liberalism cut itself adrift from national aspirations and movements, and as a consequence—a

warning for all countries and all times—went to its ruin. While a member of the Reichstag he lent hearty support to the military, administrative, and fiscal measures proposed by Prince Bismarck for strengthening the new Empire, and the frequency with which he found himself combating the hostile negative attitude of the Progressists led to a formal espousal of Conservative principles.

If, however, as a partisan Treitschke had his detractors as well as his admirers, no one could doubt the depth and purity of his patriotism. Love of Fatherland was the inspiration of all his public action, and he never tired of inculcating the same love in others. No wonder that among the studious youth of Germany, and particularly of Prussia, he has been so great and beneficent a power during a period of over thirty years. His lectures might be faulty presentations of history, but they were full of incentive and encouragement to high living, and to patriotic conceptions of citizenship. He ever pointed his hearers to the loftiest ideals of personal conduct and public life, and if he was dogmatic beyond the right of an instructor addressing men who had already tasted of the tree of knowledge, his enthusiastic nature, his transparent integrity, not to speak of his fervid eloquence and his commanding position in the world of letters, excused all that needed excuse. Germany has lost in him a moral and intellectual force of the first magnitude.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

ARE THE TORIES OPPORTUNISTS?

BY A TORY.

IN the current number of the "Fortnightly Review" two friends of mine, under the title of "Tories or Opportunists?" have started off in search of "a permanent Conservative ideal." The romantic audacity of the adventure suggests that the writers are very young. I do not betray their identity in stating that they have both had considerable personal experience of electioneering politics. But I am afraid I shall incur their anger by saying that their quest seems to me to be prompted by a misunderstanding of the essential conditions of party government, and a strange forgetfulness of the facts of history.

In countries governed by Parliamentary institutions, statesmen, for all the airs they give themselves, are merely rival tradesmen, whose business it is to supply the wants of the public. It is as unreasonable to expect a political party to profess a permanent ideal as it would be to expect Messrs. Russell & Allen to exhibit last year's fashions. Generally the tradesmen force their fashions on their customers; from time to time an individuality arises—a professional beauty or a celebrated dandy—who forces his or her ideas upon the tradesmen. As a rule, the statesmen force their politics upon the nation; but every now and then a big question arises, and the nation forces its politics on the statesmen. More or less attention is paid to the wishes of the public according as the franchise is more or less extended. Government is the science of adapting means to ends; and as the wants of human society are, from the nature of things, perpetually changing, the principles of the two parties in the State must also be in a state of eternal flux. Dean Swift has nothing to tell us about Free Education; Dr. Johnson expounds no views on an Eight Hours Day; Burke lays down no opinions about Irish Land Purchase; for the simple reason that these were not the questions of their times. But, it may be said, these are the topics of the hour, with regard to which parties are swayed by the surface-currents of history; but there are certain fundamental principles to which each has remained anchored. Of course it is true that in every country there are always some who are in favour of change, and some who are opposed to it; but it is a mistake to imagine that the latter have always been Tories. In the last century the Whigs were the Conservatives, and the Tories were the party of Parliamentary reform and Free-trade. A review of the history of English parties from the Revolution of the seventeenth century down to the present day will show that neither party has had a permanent ideal, but that great questions have arisen from time to time which have divided parties, and that

even with reference to the same questions the two parties have more than once changed sides.

Under Dutch William, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Whigs were the party with "a spirited foreign policy," and the Tories were the Little Englanders, the peace-at-any-price party. Annual Parliaments, ("two better" than the Radical triennial Parliaments), and no standing army, (distinctly better than John Bright's description of the Army and Navy as "a system of out-door relief for the younger sons of the aristocracy"), were, according to Swift, the two main planks in the Tory platform. From the death of Queen Anne to the accession of George III. the two parties were divided by the question of the dynasty. From 1760 to 1770 the question was whether the King or the Whig aristocracy was to govern the country, the Whigs being subdivided by such all-important questions as whether the Bloomsbury gang, or the Grafton gang, or the Rockingham gang, or the Chatham gang, should hold the reins of office. Then came the American War, which the King forced Lord North to support, and which the Rockingham Whigs, under the influence of Burke, opposed. The coalition of North, Burke, and Fox completed the chaos of political principles and the utter absence of a permanent ideal. To the mind of the younger Pitt occurred the idea of calling in the nation to counteract the power of the Whig families. But even the triumph of this experiment does not supply the searcher after a permanent Conservative ideal with what he wants. For Pitt was in favour of Free Trade and Parliamentary reform, and towards the French Revolution Pitt's attitude was distinctly that of an Opportunist. To use a modern slang phrase, Pitt waited for a long time to see how the cat was going to jump. He snubbed Burke, and praised the Revolution, until the September massacres and the execution of the French King and Queen forced his hand, as fifty years later Peel's hand was forced by the Irish famine. Not a belief in a permanent ideal, but the excesses of the French Jacobins, crystallized the two parties for the next seventy years, and made the Tories the opponents, and the Whigs the advocates, of so-called popular rights. According to the *Dropmore Correspondence* just published, the Whig zeal for the Republican ideal was liberally refreshed by bribes from the Jacobin Government. But, apart from the steadiness of their opposition to Parliamentary reform, the history of Toryism during this period is the history of Opportunism. Canning was an arch-Opportunist, and Catholic Emancipation an act of unadulterated Opportunism. Peel was the High Priest of Opportunism, and "government-by-giving way" was his creed. Disraeli denounced Peel for the repeal of the Corn-law, and dished the Whigs by passing the Reform Bill of 1867. Lord Salisbury denounced Disraeli for the Reform Bill of 1867, and dished the Radicals by passing Free Education. Mr. Gibson denounced Mr. Gladstone for his Irish Land Bill in 1881, and Lord Ashbourne passed a Land Bill in 1885. Mr. Ritchie denounced Sir William Harcourt for proposing to create a central municipality for London in 1883, and in 1888 Mr. Ritchie established the London County Council. With regard to that interesting question, the limits of State interference with labour, until quite recently the commercial Radicals were strong individualists, by which they meant the right to sweat a thousand per cent. out of their employes. The Conservatives accordingly leaned to a paternal Socialism. Lately, however, the Radicals have taken up Collectivism, and the Conservatives are for the most part reverting to the individualism of Mill and Spencer. I challenge my friends to produce anything like "a permanent Conservative ideal" at any period of history, or a permanent Radical ideal, or anything but sheer Opportunism on both sides. This is not matter of blame, but it is matter of fact, and arises from the essential conditions under which politicians in a free country work.

In one or two respects I think my friends are less than just to the modern Conservative party. Surely it is hardly fair to say, for instance, that it is not an aristocratic party, seeing that half the members of the present Government are in the House of Lords, and that the head of the noble house of Cecil is assisted in his task of government by three nephews and a son-in-

law. Nor can I bring myself to believe that many Conservatives "avow their readiness to throw over the Church." Crypto-Agnostics, no doubt, are rife in the party, as in all bodies of educated men; but England still likes her public men to be serious, and Atheism is dangerous on the platform. The trade policy of a party the rank and file of which are rightly described as "Protectionists, dragooned into silence by the Cobdenite professions of leaders, who admit that these professions are but the dictates of political necessity," is a sore subject. But Mr. Chamberlain, though he is not a Conservative, has fairly launched the Colonial Tariff question, and my "Fortnightly" friends may safely trust to that Opportunism which they dislike to secure before long its adoption by the Conservative leaders. Lord George Hamilton and the London Municipal Society are not, I grant, inspiring subjects of study; but, despite their want of ideas, they have saved us from the Progressives. The antithesis between sound electioneering and sound statesmanship is a false one. A witty Frenchman once said of our "military operations" before Alexandria, "Monsieur Gladstone est beaucoup plus fort que Lord Beaconsfield, parce qu'il fait les mêmes choses et vous fait croire qu'il ne les fait pas." Lord Salisbury passes Radical measures, and makes us believe that they are Conservative. This is the only "permanent Conservative ideal" which my two friends will find in the past, the present, or the future.

ESTRANGEMENT.

SO, without overt breach, we fall apart,
Tacitly sunder—neither you nor I
Conscious of one intelligible Why,
And both, from severance, winning equal smart.
So, with resigned and acquiescent heart,
Whene'er your name on some chance lip may lie,
I seem to see an alien shade pass by,
A spirit wherein I have no lot or part.
Thus may a captive, in some fortress grim,
From casual speech betwixt his warders, learn
That June on her triumphal progress goes
Through arched and bannered woodlands; while
for him
She is a legend emptied of concern,
And idle is the rumour of the rose.

WILLIAM WATSON.

MANNS AND MOTT.

BESIDES conducting at his Benefit Concert at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon, Mr. Manns made a little speech, which was even more charming in manner than in manner, delightful though the manner was. He thanked us all for our appreciation of his orchestral playing; and then added that the Directors of the Palace had decided to continue the Saturday afternoon concerts, which would therefore be resumed in October. Whereupon we cheered wildly. Had the distinguished foreigner been present he might easily have come to the conclusion that we had been much afraid of the concerts being stopped. As a matter of fact we knew that they would not be stopped; and we expected Mr. Manns's announcement. We expect it every year; and when we applaud, we are merely congratulating ourselves on our sagacity. What would the Crystal Palace—or for that matter, London, or even England—be without the Saturday concerts? They form nearly the only English musical institution of which we have any reason to be proud; they are, on the whole, the best and cheapest concerts in the world. Where else can one get such a series of programmes, combining the best of the old music with the best of the new, as Mr. Manns offers every year? An appendix to the programme of Saturday last showed that amongst the compositions played this season there were five overtures, seven symphonies and two piano concertos of Beethoven; the "unfinished" and C major symphonies of Schubert; eight Wagner excerpts; Tchaikowsky's E minor symphony, and about a dozen pieces by living composers, mostly unimportant. If only Mr. Manns would give us a slight flavouring of Mozart, and turn his choir upon a few of the Bach

church cantatas, which cannot be heard decently sung elsewhere, the Crystal Palace concerts would be the amazement and envy of every city in Europe.

The programme of Mr. Manns's Benefit concert included Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, Dvorák's "From the new World" symphony, the Romance and Rondo from Chopin's piano Concerto in E, a Fantasia by Vieuxtemps for violin and orchestra, Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" and Mr. S. P. Waddington's setting of "John Gilpin" for chorus and orchestra. The artists were Miss Ella Russell (whose name was placed first), Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Andrew Black, Lady Halle and Mr. Sapellnikoff; and I do not feel called upon to say much of any of them. Lady Halle played with the artistically restrained fervour, the silver-pure tone and the dainty phrasing we expect of her at her best; Mr. Black romped through "Honour and Arms" with obvious enjoyment; Miss Ada Crossley, who has a fine voice and some vocal skill, is as yet too far from being a complete artist to make any effect in Giordani's "Caro mio ben," a song which should either be sung superbly or not sung at all; and the part of Mr. Sapellnikoff's playing which I heard was characterized by his customary delicacy and finish. Mr. Manns himself was certainly at his best, and played Strauss's amazingly difficult "Till Eulenspiegel's Pranks" as though it was a Mozart sonatina. But if I were asked why such music should be played, or written, at all, I cannot reply. Till Eulenspiegel, it appears, "is the hero of an old German story-book of the sixteenth century," who went about Germany in various disguises, "waylaying pretty women," upsetting crockery stalls, and so on, until at last he was caught and hanged. A German commentator on Strauss's composition begins by saying that "a strong sense of German folk-feeling pervades the whole work," a remark which does not help one much; more especially since it seems probable that both Strauss and his commentator are of the tribe of Israel. Further, we are told of the immense humbug manifested in the music; but I am bound to say that dreary though most musical humour is, Strauss's is the dreariest that has ever yet bored me. What humour, indeed, beyond the humour of rough practical joking, is there in the story? Nor can I see a fine thought in his composition, nor a single beautiful melody to redeem the tedious bareness of a long string of extraordinarily clever—diabolically clever—tricks of orchestration. In a word, I contemptuously dismiss "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" as a pretentious piece of smart shoddy. Mr. Waddington's setting of "John Gilpin," while not half so smart as Strauss's stuff, must be taken more seriously. Mr. Waddington has at any rate tried to write tunes, and if his success is less than astonishing, at any rate his endeavour shows that he may some day do something worth listening to. But if he intends to set any more ballads, let him pay heed to the irrefragable law which I now lay down for the present generation of composers, and all the generations that shall come after them. It is this: That so soon as voices are introduced into a composition, rhetorical treatment of the words becomes the prime consideration. This is precisely what young composers, and Royal College students in particular, always fail to remember. The music of Mr. Waddington's ballad, for instance, flows on smoothly enough, and if there were no words, or if they were sung in Chinese, one might enjoy the thing after a fashion. But enjoyment is out of the question when one is irritated by hearing " 'Twas long before his customers" (long pause) "Were suited to their mind" &c.; or again, "Then to his horse John Gilpin said 'I am in haste to dine (pause)'; 'Twas for your pleasure you came here (pause) You shall go back for mine.'" And why on earth should the words "So 'Fair and softly' John he cried," be put into the horse's mouth by being set as "So 'Fair and softly John," he cried"? Things like these, and Mr. Waddington's trick of splitting verses for no apparent reason except to give the tenors a couple of lines and the trebles a couple, make one wonder whether the composition was first written as an overture, or a church service, and proving unsuccessful in its original shape, was afterwards disguised as a secular ballad. When a ballad is set to music, the

story should be as clearly and continuously told as an elocutionist would recite it; and the dramatic element should be limited, like the drama in Sloppy's newspaper reading (in "Our Mutual Friend") to doing the police in different voices. If John Gilpin is a tenor, let him remain a tenor all through; if a bass, let him remain a bass; for it is abominably confusing to have him pop up first as one and then as the other.

It will be a pity if Mottl has so far misunderstood my articles on Lamoureux as to imagine that we English would rather have a band play out of tune than in tune, and would overflow with boundless admiration if he were bold enough to commence without making his men tune up properly first. Yet the first Schulz-Curtius concert of the series, given in Queen's Hall on Tuesday evening, almost made me imagine he had come to this preposterous conclusion. The flutes, oboes and horns started about a sixteenth of a tone flat as compared with the remainder of the orchestra; and though in the louder passages they managed to "fake" the pitch so as to get something approaching accuracy of intonation at the expense of beautiful quality, in softer phrases or passages where beautiful tone was indispensable, the degree of flatness was positively appalling—even to me, who in my youth attended and assisted at concerts given by suburban orchestral societies. Whether the main body tuned to the high pitch and these unfortunate windplayers had brought low pitch instruments, or whether the low pitch was used and the wind had high pitch instruments, or whether, finally, no pitch whatever had been settled upon and each man did as he thought best, I do not pretend to guess. Neither can I guess how Mottl managed to go through the fearful ordeal so placidly. But I devoutly hope that he really suffered agonies, and, while making a brave show, was making up his mind to have every instrument in deadly tune—on the basis of either the high or the low pitch—at the next concert. The best playing was in the "Meistersinger" overture, the worst in the Pastoral symphony of Beethoven. It was taken too slow; it was without light or shade or colour; it was made disjointed by a kind of pseudo-dramatic treatment. I now understand clearly why the Germans talk of a composition being "Mottled" when they mean it is being dreadfully dragged; for anything more tedious than the slow movement, as Mottled with a vengeance by Mottl, could not be conceived. Apparently he has little sympathy with Beethoven: in his heart he rather pities him for his lack of picturesqueness and vivid colouring. So with the most praiseworthy generous intentions he tries to put Wagnerian light and colour and picturesque quality into Beethoven's comparatively sedate and flat-toned pictures—with ruinous results. Beethoven's music will not stand such treatment. There are few spots in each symphony where the most skilled and resourceful conductor can get picturesque effect; and owing to Mottl forcing everything a monotony followed which gave the impression of nothing being forced sufficiently; while the few picturesque moments which occur in the Pastoral stood out glaringly, and resulted in an awkward disjointedness. The whole thing seemed askew. Mottl might play Beethoven divinely; but he will never do it until he relinquishes the notion of thrusting his own personality into the music, and determines to play the notes of the score as well as possible, leaving the music to "make its own proper and intended effect." I have nothing to add to my previous criticisms of his version of the "Meistersinger" overture. It was alive with his vitality, and it glowed with superb colour. Even in the "Parsifal" prelude one felt the presence of the master spirit; but the wretched intonation made one think that it would be better to sit on a red-hot plate and hear it played in tune than sit in comfort and hear it played as it was. As for the "Tannhäuser" new Venus music, that product of Wagner's middle-aged uxoriousness, it was well enough, though not too well, rendered; but one or two entries of the wind and the brass were sufficient to have brought the dead Meister out of his grave in a cold sweat, as one wakes out of a nightmare. By the courtesy of Mr. Schulz-Curtius I was enabled to attend the rehearsal on Tuesday morning; and at night I remembered how much fuller and richer the tone of the orchestra had sounded in the

"Tannhäuser" music. Of course the empty hall had a great deal to do with that—every one knows how much better a piano sounds in an empty room than in one crowded with furniture. But every one knows also how the tone of even the most magnificent Broadwood can be deadened by loading it with music; and I venture to suggest that the loading of the platform with a part of the audience perhaps has a corresponding effect upon the tone of the orchestra. The platform acts as the sound-board, and some day a wise architect will call in an acoustician and with his help devise a platform which will make the most, instead of, like the present concert-hall platform, the least of the orchestral tone. Meantime, I cannot resist the conviction that were the players given the whole space to disport themselves in, the thinness of the strings, the weakness of the wind, and the peculiar blocked deadness of the brass, all of which were noticeable at this last concert, would largely if not entirely disappear. I have only to add that the hall was crowded in every part, showing conclusively that Mottl need only continue to play, not as he played on this occasion, but as he always has played on previous occasions, to get as firm a footing here as Richter. Of course Mr. Schulz-Curtius's success may ruin a few other enterprises (I do not refer to the Richter or Henschel concerts); but that is their lookout, not his. By the way, I have forgotten Mr. d'Albert, and have pleasure in stating most explicitly and without reservation that this talented young Englishman is not the worst pianist I have ever heard. J. F. R.

THE IMMORTAL WILLIAM.

The Shakspeare Anniversary Celebration at the Metropolitan Theatre, Camberwell, 23 April, 1896.

WITHIN reason, I am always prepared to do honour to Shakspeare. Annual celebrations are all very well in theory, and are almost as popular with the people who don't take any part in them, and don't intend to, as Annual Parliaments are with the people who never vote and never electioneer; but outside that large circle they are too much of a good thing. I have long ceased to celebrate my own birthday; and I do not see why I should celebrate Shakspeare's. There can be no objection in the world to Mr. Benson, or Mr. Greet, or any one else in the Shakspearean business taking the fullest advantage of an anniversary to give that business a fillip; but whoever expects me to put myself every 23 April in an attitude at all differing from my attitude on the 23 October is doomed to disappointment. I went to Camberwell on the afternoon of last Thursday week because, on the whole, I thought it my business to be there; but when the Irving Dramatic Club wanted me to resume work the moment I got back to the West End by going to "Cymbeline" at St. George's Hall, I struck. Shakspeare is for an afternoon, but not for all time. Under ordinary circumstances I should have done the other thing—that is, gone to see the amateurs in the evening instead of the professionals in the afternoon; but it happened on this occasion that the professional cast was the fresher, younger, and more interesting of the two; so I went to Camberwell. Let me not, however, exaggerate my own virtue by leaving it to be inferred that I got there in time. The hour appointed was half-past two; and though I spared neither energy nor expense in my journey, making no less than three separate embarkations in train, bus, and tram, at a total cost of fourpence, it was three o'clock before the Metropole was sighted. This had two grave consequences. First, Camberwell had rallied round the Bard so multitudinously that the offer of untold gold could procure me nothing better than a mere skylight of a box, from which my view of the legitimate drama was considerably foreshortened. Second, I was late for Miss Dorothy Dene's Juliet. This I greatly regretted; for I have not seen Miss Dorothy Dene since the now almost remote days when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was making his reputation by writing melodramas for Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's. Why? Here was a young lady who had, not the painted show of beauty which is so common on the stage, and so tedious, but that honest reality of it which is useful to

painters. Her speech showed unusual signs of artistic cultivation; she had plastic grace; she took herself and her profession seriously; and her appearances in leading parts were not unpopular. The mystery is, what became of her? Did she fall into the abyss of opulent matrimony? Did the studio violently reclaim its adored model? Did she demand impossible terms? Or were the managers obdurate in their belief that there is only one safe sort of actress—the woman who is all susceptibility and no brains? Far be it from me to deny that every deviation from this type involves a certain risk of unpopularity—of a demand on the part of the actress, or rather the woman, that in the intercourse between her and the public the wooing and the worth shall not all be on one side. Further still be it from me to forget the fact that in cases of positive genius for the stage no question as to the dignity of the actress's occupation can arise. For instance, Duse is clearly a most laborious artist hard at work, and not a pretty woman making an exhibition of herself. But the appearance of a Duse is as rare on the stage as that of a woman who absolutely cannot act at all. Most of the routine of our leading theatrical work in London is done by ladies who are not altogether artists and not altogether exhibitions, but who eke out a little art with more or less personal attractiveness. Probably the reason our managers prefer the brainless-susceptible woman is that she is a ready-made actress as far as she can act at all; and small blame to them, since we have no apprenticeship system to secure to a manager the services of an actress whom he trains, and no system of training to replace the apprenticeship system. But I get so tired of the brainless-susceptible heroine that even an American lecturer would sometimes be a relief to the eternal sympathetic leading lady, who is called sweetly womanly because, having nothing but her sex to insist on, she insists on that continually. And yet, since women of the other sort get no engagements, it ends in her being the only one who gets sufficient stage practice to be trusted with important parts, whence it comes that the important parts never are important. We want more women of the clever, positive type on the stage (also men). We also want more objectively beautiful women on the stage; for your brainless-susceptible one is often your beautyless-susceptible: she may appeal to your sentimentality; but a sculptor or a painter would not look twice at her from his dry business point of view; and her graces of carriage and movement are of the cheapest. Her hold on the stage is largely a result of the stage's hold on her through her disadvantage of being fit for nothing else; so that economic necessity does for her what irresistible vocation does for an actress of genius—gives her, that is, the unconditional singleness of aim and pertinacity which move mountains in the long run. The clever, positive woman, on the other hand, has alternative activities: she has ability and character enough to make her living in other professions, or to discharge social and domestic duties as the wife of a Philistine citizen in a responsible, capable, respectable way. Granted that she may have only the makings of a second-rate actress in her, she would probably make second-rate acting much more important than a good deal of what passes as first-rate acting at present; and her influence on the drama would be highly beneficial owing to her demand for real parts in which to put forth her brains and skill against the rivals who rely on sex and sympathy in every kind of part. It takes all sorts to make a stage, just as it takes all sorts to make a world; and we do not get all sorts at present. We get the geniuses and the *hystériques*; but the intermediate talents, however promising, are driven back from a profession in which brains and self-respect have no chance against emotional facility and neurotic sexuality. The latter are invaluable, the former quite useless, in an empty part which is nothing but the merest cue to the imagination of the audience; but confront the facile, neurotic, empty-headed actress with a part which demands not only sympathy but intelligence and trained nervous energy; not only "womanly" softnesses and graces but plastic, picturesque, vigorous action; nay, ask her to deliver a ten-line speech—not a hysterical explosion, but a speech with thought as well as feeling in it—and you will soon find how a dramatic author is

hampered at present by the limited compass of the instruments at his disposal. There are always clever, educated, ambitious young women ready to try their fortune on the stage; but how are they to get the necessary experience to make skilled artists of them? It takes years of practice to develop their power of emotional expression; for most educated women have been trained to fight against emotional expression because it is a mode of self-betrayal. Now self-betrayal, magnified to suit the optics of the theatre, is the whole art of acting; and the strong, continent woman, unless she is descended from generations of actors, is certain to be beaten at first on the stage by the hysterical, incontinent one, or even by the stupid, prosaic hereditary actress who, within certain limits, acts as a duck swims. Under present conditions this handicap is sufficient to baffle the clever recruit drawn from the newly emancipated women of the middle class in her quest for engagements, thus depriving her of the practice necessary to train her, and so defeating her attempt to gain a footing on the stage. The theatre is unable to keep and drill able-bodied and able-minded recruits; and the result is that the class of work which would in any other profession be perfectly within the competence of the rank and file, has to be entrusted to the leaders. And even the leaders are often more remarkable for what is called social charm than for any rarer artistic qualification.

On the whole, perhaps it is as well that I did not see Miss Dorothy Dene; for it is not conceivable that disuse has matured her powers, or years increased her natural suitability to the part of Juliet. Just at present I am more anxious about Miss Dorothea Baird, whom I did see, as Rosalind. Rosalind is to the actress what Hamlet is to the actor—a part in which, reasonable presentability being granted, failure is hardly possible. It is easier than Trilby up to a certain point, though it will of course hold much more acting. Miss Baird plays it intelligently and nicely; and this, to such a very pretty Ganyমেদে, is enough to secure success. How far the niceness and intelligence of the pretty young lady will develop into the passion and intuition of the artist, or whether the prettiness will develop into the "handsome is as handsome does" fascination which holds the stage for many years against Time, remains to be seen. All that can be said at present is that Miss Baird's Rosalind is bright and pleasant, with sufficient natural charm to secure indulgence for all its shortcomings. Of these the most serious is Miss Baird's delivery of the lines. Everybody by this time knows how a modern high-schoolmistress talks—how she repudiates the precision, the stateliness, the awe-inspiring oracularity of the old-fashioned schoolmistress who knew nothing, and cloaks her mathematics with a pretty little voice, a pretty little manner, and all sorts of self-conscious calineries and unassumingnesses. "Poor little me! what do I know about conic sections?" is the effect she aims at. Miss Baird's Rosalind has clearly been to the high school and modelled herself upon her pet mistress, if not actually taught there herself. But that dainty, pleading, narrow-lipped little torrent of gabble will not do for Shakspeare. It is so unintelligible across the footlights that even I, who know "As You Like It" almost as well as I know Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, could not always catch what she was saying. This being so, it may safely be taken that Camberwell did not catch more than a very small conic section of it. For even an expert cannot make sense of Elizabethan blank verse at a first hearing when it is delivered at the rate of 200 words a minute and upwards. Besides, its lyrical flow, if such a tiny ladylike patter can be credited with so broad a quality, is not that of Shakspeare's verse. The effect is like a canary trying to sing Handel.

Mr. H. B. Irving is in the full flood of that Shakspearean enthusiasm which exalts the Bard so far above common sense that any prosaic suiting of the action to the word and the word to the action seems to be a degradation of his genius to what Nicholas Rowe called "a mere light of reason." Mr. Irving gave us the closet scene from "Hamlet." He entered, surcharged with Fate, and instead of Hamlet's sharp, dry, "Now, mother: what's the matter?" followed by his reply to her affected "Thou hast thy father much

offended," with the purposely blunt "Mother: you have my father much offended," gave us a most tragic edition of the conversation, with the yous altered to thous, and an agitated slip or two to enhance the effect. When he lifted the arras and found that he had killed Polonius instead of the King, he betrayed not the smallest surprise, but said, in a superior tone, "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!" much as if he were dismissing a deservedly and quite intentionally flogged schoolboy. He was resolved to make an effect by seizing the Queen and throwing her down on the floor; and the moment he selected was in the middle of the following passage:—

"At your age

The heyday in the blood is tame: it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?"

The Queen was floored after the phrase "and waits upon the judgment," showing that at Mr. Irving's age the heyday in the blood does not wait upon the judgment, but has its fling (literally) regardless of reason. The only dramatic profit from this proceeding was the point given to the Ghost's "But see! amazement on thy mother sits." Nevertheless, the performance, nonsensical as it was, was not ridiculous. Mr. Irving is not altogether unsuccessful in his attempts to be tragic and to make effects; and if he could only bring his tragedy and his effects into some intelligent relation to the drama in hand, he would find himself highly complimented in the SATURDAY REVIEW. To be abstractly and irrelevantly tragic; to brandish a sword; to discourse in blank verse; to stagger and fall and hurl frail heroines away, is just as absurd in "Hamlet," if done at the wrong moment, as it would be in "Box and Cox." There are people so unfit for the stage that they could not do these things even at the right moment without making the audience laugh. That is not Mr. Irving's case. When he learns what to do and when to do it, he will not be at a loss as to how to do it. More than that it is impossible to grant him at present. The scenes from "As You Like It" included nothing of Jaques except the few scraps of dialogue between the pessimist and Orlando; and no exception can be taken to the way in which these were handled by Mr. Irving. He dressed and looked the part well.

The best bit of work was Mr. Bernard Gould's Orlando; the worst, Mr. Ben Greet's Touchstone. Mr. Greet put himself out of the question before he had been two minutes on the stage by the profound stroke of picking one of Orlando's sonnets from a tree, and reading from it the impromptu burlesque:—

"If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind," &c.

This was a new reading with a vengeance. He was not much more successful as executant than as Shakespearean student. He completely missed the piled-up climax of the speech to William, and was, in short, as bad a Touchstone as a critic could desire to see. It is no disgrace to an actor to be unable to play Touchstone; but why, under these circumstances, and being a manager, he should cast himself for it, passes my understanding. Mr. Rawson Buckley played Oliver very well, but persisted, as usual, in dressing himself smartly, and then describing himself as "a wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair." Mr. Gould managed his part, especially the difficulties of the sham courtship with Ganymede, better than I can remember having seen it managed before; and some of his lines were finely spoken; but he was not Orlando. Orlando's intelligence is the intelligence of the heart: he always comes out best as an amiable, strong, manly, handsome, shrewd-enough-to-take-care-of-himself, but safely stupid and totally unobservant young man. Now, Mr. Gould plays with his head; his intelligence is always on the alert; and he is so observant that in spite of his many valuable stage qualities he almost disqualifies himself as an actor by his draughtsman's habit of watching himself and every one else so keenly and interestedly that he is more apt to forget his part than to forget himself in it. The born actor looks in. Mr. Gould looks on. He acts like a good critic, and probably represses his tendencies—if he has any—to the maudlin self-sympathy, the insane egotism, the bottomless folly, the hysterical imaginative mendacity

which—with the help of alcohol—make acting easy to some men who are for all other purposes the most hopeless wastrels. However, I do not object: I recognize the fact that the ascendancy of the sentimental amorphous actor means the ascendancy of the sentimental amorphous drama, and that the critical actor, like Mr. Gould, is indispensable to a drama with any brains in it. Still, the critical actor need not be also a draughtsman actor. I once elaborately explained to Mr. Gould a part of which I was myself the author. He paid me the closest attention; retired to ponder my utterances; and presently returned with a perfectly accurate and highly characteristic drawing of me, which I shall probably never live down. And if I had been Shakspeare explaining Orlando, it would have been just the same.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE was a good demand for money during the past week, owing to the conclusion of the Stock Exchange Settlement and the usual requirements at the end of the month. Rates varied between $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 per cent. for day-to-day loans and for short periods. The Discount Market was quiet, the rates for three, four, and six months' bills varying between $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 per cent. Business on the Stock Exchange was rather quiet, because of the holiday on Friday, followed by the half-holiday on Saturday. The Budget statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and dearer money have checked the advance in Consols, which, after touching 111½ on Wednesday, closed on Thursday at 111½, both for money and the account. On the other hand, the new Indian Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Loan was placed at an average price yielding only £2 8s. 6d. per cent., and Corporation Stocks continued firm. "Colonials" were unchanged.

Home Railways were very strong on Tuesday; but realizations quickly brought about a decline, especially in those stocks in which there has lately been considerable speculation. The reaction, however, was only temporary. On Wednesday and Thursday prices recovered, more or less, especially for "heavies," in consequence of a renewal of speculation; while Brighton "A" were dearer, and Dover "A" about 4 higher than last Saturday. American Railways follow the lead of New York, which supports our market for the present. Canadian Pacific shares, after touching 62½ on Tuesday, fell on the same day to 61½. On Thursday, however, they again rose to 62½.

South American Railways were firm and generally higher in price. The Chilean Chargé d'Affaires has communicated to Reuter's Agency a telegram from Santiago stating that "The boundary question (with Argentina) has been settled cordially and finally." We consider this an official confirmation of the previous report, and we are glad of it for all concerned. Chilean and Argentine Government stocks have improved in consequence, especially Chilean, and the new Chilean loan is expected to appear presently. The gold premium is down to about 206 per cent., whilst the Brazilian Exchange has recovered to 9½d.; but Brazilian Four per Cents are unchanged. Uruguay Three-and-a-Half per Cents have advanced about 1 per cent.

The monthly Settlement in Paris began on Thursday, and the Foreign Market was, on the whole, firm, but quiet. Spanish stocks have fallen somewhat since last Saturday, but Italian are better in consequence of "bear" repurchases. Turkish and Ottoman Bank stock remained weak; "Egyptians" and "Russians" were steady; and the Chinese Five per Cent. Scrip closed on Thursday at 2½ premium. Rio Tinto shares have risen from 19½ to 20½, which includes the 12s. dividend. As for the various favourable rumours that are going about with reference to this Company, they require confirmation, and are much too vague for any definite opinion to be pronounced on them.

The South African Market was generally firm at the beginning of the week; the Stock Exchange did not take the news from the Transvaal as to the sentences

passed on the Reform Committee very seriously. Later on, however, a reaction was caused by the news from Pretoria. The final sentences on the leading men of the Rand, the result of which, supposing they are severe, will be detrimental in the highest degree to the mining industry, had not come to our knowledge when we went to press. Meanwhile, the professional see-saw in prices means nothing. Silver was steady at about 31½d. per ounce. Rupee-paper closed on Thursday at 64½, which is the price at which it stood a week ago.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

MR. H. J. LAWSON'S PROMOTIONS.

When dealing in our last issue with the subsidiary and other "Humber" companies promoted by Mr. H. J. Lawson and his colleagues, we accidentally omitted all mention of the fact that the original Humber & Co., Limited, had been reconstructed in November 1895 with a capital of £500,000. The paragraph in which this omission occurred should have read as follows: "Mr. H. J. Lawson was good enough in his letter to us to boast of the success achieved by this" (the original) "Company, as though that success was in any way due to him, which is by no means the case. Thanks to Mr. H. J. Lawson, the original Humber & Co., Limited, no longer exists, it having been transformed into Humber & Co., Limited (capital, £500,000), Humber & Co. (Extension), Limited (capital, £200,000), to which we have in previous issues referred, and other subsidiary promotions (aggregate capitals, £250,000)." We also gave the capital of the original Humber & Co., Limited, as £75,000, whereas we should have said £125,000, a mistake for which we are exceedingly sorry. This error and omission, however, so far from doing Mr. H. J. Lawson even momentary injustice, made our case against him much lighter than the full facts warranted; for, whereas we stated that the capital of the companies which now exist in the place of the first "Humber" Company amounted in the aggregate to £450,000, the real total is actually £950,000. As we have previously said, Mr. H. J. Lawson had nothing whatever to do with the promotion of the original Humber & Co., Limited, which was a successful company and paid substantial dividends upon its capital of £125,000. In the subsequent "Humber" promotions, which were all foisted upon the public within the short period of fifteen months, Mr. H. J. Lawson made every possible use of the satisfactory figures of the original concern. But the largest dividend ever paid by the old Company was 12½ per cent., and that only upon its capital of £125,000, which is now represented by the enormously increased total of £950,000. Profits which allowed of the payment of 12½ per cent. on £125,000 would not mean much if applied to £950,000, though we do not doubt that the old Company would have made much larger profits had it been allowed to pursue the even tenor of its way. Investors can see for themselves what this vast difference in capital means. Granted, for the sake of argument, that the cycle trade has greatly improved, who shall say that the prosperity attending it will continue? Indeed, the best proof possible that it is not likely to continue long is supplied by the fact that persons most intimately connected with the trade, such as Messrs. Rucker & Hooley, are, in conjunction with company-promoters of Mr. H. J. Lawson's type, hurriedly endeavouring to entrap the public into fresh speculation before the bubble of this wonderful "boom" bursts. History in this regard will undoubtedly repeat itself; and investors will find to their sorrow that the clever company-promoter has once again appropriated the substance and left them with only the shadow.

KURANUI-CALEDONIAN GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

New Zealand as a gold mining centre has received a tremendous amount of preliminary puffing at the hands of enterprising advertising agents and others for some time past. It is a little disappointing, therefore, to find that several of the New Zealand companies recently issued are so much indiscriminate rubbish. The Kuranui-Caledonian Gold Mining Company, Limited, is

a fair specimen of the worthless promotions to which we refer, and we advise our readers to give it a wide berth. It is stated that this Company has been formed to acquire certain "valuable mining properties" at the Hauraki Goldfields, though why they should be termed "valuable" properties we can find nothing in the prospectus to suggest. There are some "extracts" given from reports stated to have been made by two or three mining experts; but experience goes to show that mere extracts from reports of this description are worse than valueless. The capital of the concern is £175,000, and the "vendors" are stated to be Melville's New Zealand Corporation, Limited, of which a Mr. Thomas Melville, who also figures as a director of the company under discussion, is the leading spirit. The purchase consideration payable to Mr. Melville's "Corporation" is the trifling sum of £125,000, a large amount of which is to be in cash. We are most unfavourably impressed by the manner in which this Kuranui-Caledonian Company has been got up, and we trust that Messrs. Cutcliffe, Ley & McCulloch, who appear as brokers to the Company, are not in any way interested in its promotion. We hold very strong views in connexion with members of the Stock Exchange who associate themselves with the promotion of new companies. Our fears in this case are called into activity by the circumstance that Messrs. Hepburn, Son & Cutcliffe figure as the solicitors, and by the fact that two members of the first-named firm of stockbrokers appear as signatories to the memorandum of association of the Company. Members of the firm of Messrs. Cutcliffe, Ley & McCulloch are also down as shareholders in Melville's New Zealand Corporation, and one of them even signed the memorandum of association of that unpromising undertaking. Melville's New Zealand Corporation, Limited, which now appears as an old-established institution inviting subscriptions for the capital of the new Company, was actually only registered on 18 February last, and has but a very small portion of its £100,000 of "paper" capital subscribed; while, according to the share register, Mr. Melville has a "call option" on £58,000 of the unsubscribed capital. We should like to know the exact meaning of this extraordinary "option." Investors will fight shy of New Zealand gold mining ventures generally if more of them are evolved in this way.

NEW SOCIABLE BICYCLE COMPANY, LIMITED.

The promoters of the New Sociable Bicycle Company, Limited, propose to add a variety of new terrors to existence. Two inventions are to be taken over by the Company, but that for which most importance is claimed is the "Grilli" apparatus, which, it is stated, will transform an ordinary bicycle into one with two seats placed side by side, and having a perfectly adjustable balance. The balancing apparatus consists of an inflexible pin, by means of which a small gentleman seated on the one side may balance a robust female on the other. The attractions held out in connexion with this invention, apart from "the pleasure of being able to talk with your companion side by side on one bicycle," are the advantages of being in a position "to hold your umbrella, or read your book, which make the machine much more sociable than the tandem." We should think so! But would it not also be possible to play cards or have a game of chess? Seriously, we cannot discuss this Company from its purely financial aspect, because it is absurd to suppose that any one would be so wildly foolish as to invest in it.

COLEMAN & CO., LIMITED.

For some weeks past the promoters of Coleman & Co., Limited, have been touting in a very strange fashion two hundred so-called "Second Mortgage Debenture Bonds" of £50 each. Curiously enough, the circular which offers these "bonds" for sale does not give the names of any of the directors, officers, solicitors, or bankers of the Company, but simply states that applications should be addressed to Messrs. Coleman & Co., "Wincarnis" Works, Norwich. We presume that Coleman & Co., Limited, is a concern possessed of the usual number of directors; but we are unable at the moment to say, as the ordinary books of reference do not g

particulars of the Company. All we can state at present is that it is a Company which was formed in 1887 to "develop" a meat-extract business; but it would not appear to have achieved any degree of success, for we find that it had to issue a number of debentures in the year 1891. Those debentures were somewhat similar to the present issue, in connexion with which it is evident that the persons responsible for the Company do not care for their names to appear. We cannot but think that investors who apply for any of these £50 "bonds" will be exhibiting a great amount of confidence in the bare statements of Messrs. Coleman & Co., Limited.

FARIA GOLD MINING COMPANY OF BRAZIL, LIMITED.

Our contemporary "Truth" gives investors some very sensible advice in regard to the Faria Gold Mining Company of Brazil, Limited. It appears that this Company has been formed to acquire a mine the result of the previous working of which has admittedly been of a most unprofitable nature. It is suggested as one of the reasons for this unprofitable working that the treatment hitherto pursued is unsuitable to such pyritic ore as the mine contains. The promoters of this Company, Messrs. John Taylor & Sons, think that they have found a better system for treating the ore, but they do not appear to be at all sure about it. As yet there has only been a half-hearted "trial" of some sort, besides which the particular system spoken of, doubtful as it is, seems to be already somebody else's property. We quite agree with "Truth" that the directors and the promoters should have discovered a successful method of treating the ore before asking the public to find £60,000 for a property which has hitherto been worked at a loss. It is all very well for Messrs. John Taylor & Sons, sitting round a table at No. 6 Queen Street Place, E.C., to say they "are of opinion" that a mine in Brazil will prove a success. Messrs. John Taylor & Sons may have all sorts of "opinions," and they are welcome to them so far as we are concerned; but we should prefer something more definite and businesslike.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGE FOR NAVAL CADETSHIPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bournemouth: 28 March, 1896.

SIR,—Among the many points of interest in the speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty last month in introducing the Navy Estimates for 1896, his statement with regard to the early education of the naval officer was perhaps not the least important.

Let us glance at the system of entrance into the navy during the past few years. For several years previous to 1888 the examination was by limited competition, the ages of the candidates being between 12 and 13½—an age which general opinion considered to be too young. The first examination under the present regulations took place in November 1888. The minimum age was then raised to 13 and the maximum to 14½. The test and optional subjects were made more difficult, and several subjects were added. During this period about sixty cadets have been entered twice in each year. A large percentage of these successful boys have been passed in by the crammers, many by the preparatory schools, some by private tuition, and a very few from the public schools. Of these I believe it to be a fact that the authorities on board H.M.S. "Britannia" have preferred the boys from the preparatory schools. They have proved to be better grounded (not forced hot-house plants), better trained morally, and more susceptible of taking in the further course supplied on the "Britannia" before sending them to sea. I think it will be found that boys from the preparatory schools almost invariably go up on the "Britannia," while boys from the crammers go down, and, if they have originally passed in low, frequently fail to pass out at all, or give their instructors immense trouble to get them up to the necessary standard.

It is now proposed to raise the age of entry one year, with the object of avoiding cramming, of getting the boys from a wider area, and of lessening their time

under naval instructors on the "Britannia" before going to sea. The principle is agreed upon that boys must go to sea at an early age, and it is asserted that this age under the new conditions will not be raised. And yet we are told that they are to enter a year later, and will have sixteen months, instead of twenty-three, on the "Britannia." The only way in which this can be done is by making the maximum age 15—raising it half a year, and not twelve months—and I would suggest this as the best compromise, if the age must be raised at all.

To raise the age a whole year will play more than ever into the hands of the crammers. What parent, on his boy reaching the age of 14 or 14½, will take him away from his preparatory school, where he may possibly have had one shot already at the navy exam., and send him to a public school to risk in two, or it may be three, terms' work his chance of becoming a naval officer? Will the public schools really lay themselves out to make a speciality of navy boys; and if they do try them, will the classes be workable, and will the successes be such as to encourage parents to try them? Surely the public schools have not done such great things, and routed the crammers in the army exams. There are 59 schools mentioned in the "Public Schools' Year Book." All cannot start navy classes. Suppose a fourth of them do, and a quarter of the candidates get in each exam. from these schools, that would divide 15 cadetships amongst 15 schools—one to each! It is ridiculous to expect public schools to legislate for this kind of work.

The inevitable result will be that boys who have become too old for their preparatory schools will be sent straight to a cramming establishment, and not to a public school. Even if they are sent to a public school for a year, will this turn them out public school boys? Will it not rather turn these navy classes at public schools into veritable cramming establishments? By "cramming" we mean getting a lot into a boy in an abnormally short time—and a boy cannot have been long at a public school at the time of his first exam.—at, say, 14 or 14½ years of age. The change will not be better for a boy's work. It will not be advisable to take him away from his preparatory school where he has been for some years, where he is thoroughly understood, where he understands his teachers, and put him amongst strange surroundings, new faces, different teachers, and let him run the risk of being sat on by much older boys. Far better will it be if a boy is at a good school—and there are plenty of these—not to split his work, preliminary to joining the "Britannia," into two parts. Boys going into the navy will be considered the best modern boys in good preparatory schools, particularly if the standard of entrance is raised by half a year's work. They will be similar to Mathematical Scholarship boys. At public schools they will be junior boys, with many boys in the school three or four years older when they leave it to go into the navy. Their association with older boys at this critical period of their lives will make them very difficult to manage on board the "Britannia" when the restraining influence of the older boys is removed. On the "Britannia" they will be all much of an age, with none over 17. It may be assumed that, as the "Britannia" course is shortened by seven months, the entrance exam. will now include the routine of the first term on board, or a little more, minus the strictly technical subjects. The subjects can be easily done at the preparatory schools—they will be less stiff than the requirements for Mathematical Scholarships, and it can be relied upon that they will be well done, probably better than they are in the "Britannia" first term, as they will form part of a competitive exam., success in which is essential.

All things considered, it will be better to leave the age as it is, or not raise it above 15. But let the standard of entrance be advanced by all means.

Fifteen and a half is no sort of an age. The extra half-year will prohibit many preparatory schools from passing boys direct into the navy, it will play into the hands of the crammers, it will do little good to the public schools, even if enough of them undertake to form classes for the work, and in any case it will not be for the benefit of the boys themselves.—Believe me, yours, &c.

W. H. HARRISON.

REVIEWS.

FROUDE'S COUNCIL OF TRENT.

"Lectures on the Council of Trent." By James Anthony Froude, late Regius Professor of Modern History. London: Longmans. 1896.

ONE more posthumous volume is now added to the works of the late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. It contains the first set of lectures which he delivered during his tenancy of the Regius chair. He had laid them aside, and had never prepared them for publication, but they were found in a sufficiently complete and orderly state to allow of their being put through the press without alteration or addition. The only structural fault in the series is that the last lecture, being intended for a different audience from that which heard the rest, repeats and recapitulates a good deal of the material already used up in the earlier part of the book. But the editor did right to leave it untouched; sins of commission, indeed, he has avoided entirely, though there is one sin of omission which we cannot lightly pardon—the work contains neither an index nor a detailed table of contents, so that it is impossible to use it for reference.

But probably the late Professor himself would have been the first to deny that the book was intended for purposes of reference. The lectures do not break new ground, and they were intended, not for a learned audience, but for a class of undergraduates commencing the study of the Reformation period. They must, therefore, be treated as lectures of the simpler and more elementary sort.

Mr. Froude never made any claim to be considered as an unbiassed and judicial inquirer into the periods of history which he took in hand. He was a frank and open partisan, who chose his side and was prepared to maintain it through thick and thin. The present course of lectures is, as might have been expected from his bent and character, not a formal narrative of the Council of Trent and its doings, but a vigorous repetition of many former attacks on the Papacy of the time of the Renaissance. What Mr. Froude's views on that subject were we already knew from his "History of England," and his "Life and Times of Erasmus." These lectures do but gather his former conclusions round a new focus—the Council of Trent considered as the turning point in the history of the Papacy and of Catholic Europe. They set forth the temporal and spiritual grievances of the laity and clergy, the abuses of the Papal Court, the personal policies of Julius II., Leo X., Clement VII., and Paul III. as they have been set forth many times before. The authorities quoted are old friends—Erasmus, Burckhard, Sir Thomas More, Wareham's "Visitation," the "Centum Gravamina." But, if there is little new in the matter, the manner is of the best. There are passages in the volume which recall the best pages of Froude's earlier work. It is a pity that so much lucid exposition and fiery eloquence should be spent on a subject which the lecturer had not cared to get up in accurate detail. The facts with which the harangue is stiffened are nearly all trite and obvious. Something more is needed to illustrate the early growth of the Reformation than old anecdotes concerning Luther's chance discovery of the Bible in the Erfurt Library, Duke Eric's tankard of beer, and Tetzels money-box. But, if the tale has to be told again on the old lines, and with little or no use of new authorities, it could not have been done with more force and fire than are here displayed.

The hero of the book is undoubtedly the Emperor Charles V.; a logical choice, for the more Charles is exalted the more easy is it to abase Paul III. and Julius III. Mr. Froude, therefore, draws us a picture of the great Emperor entirely destitute of shadows, and differing in many points from the Charles that we know. He appears as the wholly just man, struggling in vain against what Protestants called the Triple League of the Pope, the King of France, and the Devil. We meet him first at the Diet of Worms, "pale, eager, intense, wise beyond his years"—not the impression certainly that he made on contemporary observers, who spoke of him as "a young man of twenty still imper-

fectly developed, of feeble health, with a melancholy countenance, and a grave though benevolent expression, who gave few proofs of talent, and left the conduct of all business to others." Still less do we recognize in the historical Charles the tendency to Quixotism which is attributed to him on p. 42. In accordance with this view of his character Mr. Froude makes of his expeditions to Tunis and Algiers mere crusades in the defence of the public weal of Europe:—

"Christendom ought to have combined to root out such nests of villainy. Christendom would do nothing of the kind: it was all left to Charles. Loyal, chivalrous, ready to go where duty called him, he undertook to deal with this intolerable nuisance. He collected a fleet in Sicily at his own expense. He took the command in person, stormed the Tunis forts, and for a time cleared the seas. It was an exploit worthy of a knight of romance, to be sung by poets."

Such a statement of the events as this quite disguises the actual facts. The growth of the Turkish Power, whether on the Danube or in North-Western Africa, was primarily dangerous to the Hapsburgs—threatening on the one side their hereditary Austrian dominions, on the other their naval predominance in the Western Mediterranean, and the safety of the coasts of Sicily and Spain. To endeavour to crush the new Turkish fleet in the West, whose arsenals were Tunis and Algiers, was a task obviously incumbent on the head of the house of Hapsburg. So far from being a romantic adventure, it was a work of absolute necessity. Europe in general would have benefited, it is true, by the complete destruction of the Barbary corsairs; but Spain and Southern Italy were so much more interested in the matter than any other lands that it is surely absurd to speak of Charles's two expeditions as philanthropic missions for the salvation of Christendom.

In a similar way, all through the book the great Emperor is represented as being actuated only by the highest motives. That self-interest ever bent his policy aside Mr. Froude will not allow. Much of the inner meaning of the history of the years 1520 to 1550 is thus lost, and Charles as a practical statesman suffers in order that he may shine in the guise of an idealist and a humanitarian.

Charles, says our author, spent half a lifetime in the honest attempt to bring about the reunion and reformation of the Churches of Western Christendom by means of a General Council. He was completely foiled by the intrigues of Clement VII., Paul III., and Julius III., who saw that a genuine œcumenical synod would be anti-Papal, and work on the lines which the Council of Basle had adopted in the last century. The Popes, therefore, staved off the meeting of the assembly as long as possible, and when at last it was forced upon them, cleverly turned its attention to the formulating of doctrine rather than the reform of abuses. After pretending to yield to the Emperor's demand that the German Protestants should be allowed to assist at the Council, and take part in its debates, Paul III. made the concession of no effect, by condemning Luther's teaching before the Germans had time to arrive. Enraged by the insult, the Reformed States of Germany refused to take any part in the meeting at Trent, and all chance of the reconciliation of Western Christendom was lost. As Mr. Froude states the case, Paul and his successor Julius deliberately preferred to sacrifice their hold on the Teutonic nations rather than to allow the profitable abuses of the Papal Court to be swept away by a really representative Council. Reunion being thus rendered impossible, war was bound to follow, and "for the next hundred years the history of Europe was the history of the efforts of the Roman Church, with open force or secret conspiracy, with all the energy, base or noble, which passion or passionate enthusiasm could inspire, to crush and annihilate its foes. No means came amiss, sword or stake, torture chamber or assassin's dagger. The efforts of the Church's working were seen in ruined nations and smoking cities, and the honour of the Creator of the World was befouled by the hideous crimes committed in his name."

The Professor, in short, states the Protestant case in its extreme form, and omits all the defence that can be made for the conduct of the Papacy. But as he poses from the first as an advocate and not as a judicial

inquirer, we must not blame him, and must console ourselves with the literary pleasure of reading a well-stated argument.

It is a pity that the mistakes of detail, small and great, which seem inevitable in any work that Mr. Froude ever produced should here appear in greater frequency than ever. The Editor should have seen to them. For example, it is astounding to read that all Bishops received a pallium from the Pope. The context shows that there is no question of a slip in the wording, and that the author was not thinking of Archbishops (p. 181). Albert of Mainz had borrowed 21,000 ducats, not 5,000, to pay for his pallium (p. 30). The mines of Mexico and Peru were not yet terrifying Europe in 1525 (p. 84). The first Duke of Parma was Pierluigi, not Lewis, Farnese (p. 250). Leo X. was the son of Giuliano, not of Lorenzo de' Medici (p. 28). Frederick of Saxony is called indifferently Elector and Duke, though the title of Duke of Saxony would, in 1520-25, have undoubtedly meant his kinsman, Duke George. Joachim of Hohenzollern was Margrave, not Duke, of Brandenburg. The sack of Rome in the fifth century is attributed to Attila instead of Alaric (p. 87). The removal of such slips as these is the best test of good editing. We are sorry to see that they remain: in kindness to a great reputation they should have been carefully sought out and deleted.

THE EGYPT OF THE HEBREWS.

"The Egypt of the Hebrews and Herodotus." By the Rev. A. H. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford. London: Rivington, Percival, & Co. 1895.

WE have observed that certain reviewers have handled this little book somewhat scurvily on the ground that it contains practically nothing new, and, therefore, is unworthy of Professor Sayce's reputation as an investigator of untravelled paths. But there is little profit even to a hostile critic in finding fault with a book for not being what it expressly disclaims. Undoubtedly the present volume will not enhance Mr. Sayce's reputation for research; but it was not written with any such object. "It is intended," says the author, "to supplement the books already in the hands of tourists and students, and to put before them just that information which either is not readily accessible or else forms part of larger and cumbrous works. The travels of Herodotus in Egypt are followed for the first time in the light of recent discoveries, and the history of the intercourse between the Egyptians and the Jews is brought down to the age of the Roman Empire. As the ordinary histories of Egypt used by travellers end with the extinction of the native Pharaohs, I have further given a sketch of the Ptolemaic Period. I have, moreover, specially noted the results of the recent excavations and discoveries made by the Egypt Exploration Fund, and by Professor Flinders Petrie. . . . In the appendices I have put together information which the visitor to the Nile often wishes to obtain, but which he can find in none of his guide-books." In this plain statement the whole scope of the book is accurately defined. It does not set itself up as the vehicle of original views and discoveries, but aims at bringing the results of many scholars' researches within the reach of the ordinary reader. Those who are aware of the size, cost, and number of the elaborate memoirs of the indefatigable agents of the Egypt Exploration Fund, the many stout volumes of the Mission Archéologique Française du Caire, the numerous quartos and folios of MM. Petrie, Maspero, Naville, &c., are in a position to appreciate the convenience of possessing their chief historical results clearly epitomized in a small volume of 300 pages which will not overburden the traveller's baggage. From time to time articles in the weekly press have no doubt explained to some extent the remarkable advance of Egyptian archaeology since the Egypt Exploration Fund began its inestimable work some thirteen years ago; but no general account of the results thus attained has so far been published in a readable form. This Mr. Sayce has accomplished, and his small volume may be said to present in broad outlines the main facts established by exploration from the time when the present writer stood beside M. Naville in the store-city of Pithom, which

that learned Egyptologist successfully unearthed in 1883, to the discovery of the site of the Alexandrian Serapeum by Dr. Botti in 1895. The whole course of discovery is related with fairness and generosity; and the results are happily strung upon a sketch of Egyptian history, chiefly in connexion with the Hebrew intercourse, and upon an archaeological examination of Herodotus's Egyptian tour, in which we are led to follow his footsteps from place to place and to study his statements in the light of modern research. No doubt Mr. Sayce's own views, not invariably accepted by all other scholars, have their due place in the recital, but they cannot be said to unduly obtrude themselves, or to obscure or distort the historical and archaeological facts on which he comments. The book is a measured unprejudiced account of what modern archaeological exploration has accomplished in the field of Egyptian history, and of Hebrew history so far as connected with Egypt; and Mr. Sayce has not allowed himself to stray far into the fascinating domains of speculation, still less to decorate his record with rhetoric. He might have written a more interesting book, perhaps, had he permitted his historical imagination freer play; but he has preferred to tell a plain unvarnished story of scientific exploration, and he has told it as a scholar should when he addresses an unlearned audience. With this volume, and the admirable little "Atlas of Ancient Egypt," published by the Egypt Exploration Fund, the ordinary visitor to the sites of cities connected with Joseph, Moses, and Herodotus will possess all the information he is able to assimilate. Should he be inspired to go further and study the original memoirs of discovery from which the main facts of this book are derived, Professor Sayce will feel that his object in writing it has been attained.

A good deal of the clearness of the descriptions of ancient sites is due to the author's intimate familiarity with every square mile of the country. Mr. Sayce does not spend eight months of every year in Egypt to no purpose, nor does he pass his time wholly in the excellent library which forms one of the attractions of his hospitable *dahabiyeh*. He has himself visited, not once but repeatedly, every place described in his book, and some of the discoveries, especially in regard to Assyrian relations with Egypt and Coptic inscriptions, are associated with his own researches. Of course all this adds to the reality and accuracy of the sketches he has given us of archaeological sites and vestiges. One quality, however, he seems to possess in an inadequate measure, and that is reverence. No one, surely, ever treated "the Father of History" with such scant respect, nay, with such unseemly "chaff." Mr. Sayce appears to have taken a brief (with frequent refreshers) against Herodotus, and to positively delight in exposing the venerable classic's mistakes. It is true he puts many of them down to the Carian dragoman, who is supposed to have "pulled the leg" of the Father of History beyond the wonted temerity of ciceroni; but much of the blame falls upon the historian himself, who, according to Mr. Sayce, mixed up his notes after he got home; forgot which monuments some of them referred to; and hence arranged his Egyptian kings in the order of the notes he had jotted down, which was the order of his visits to the monuments, and not of the dynastic succession. It is to be feared that not a few of Mr. Sayce's damaging indictments must be conceded as proved; but, considering how completely Herodotus must have been at the mercy of his interpreters, we do not see why he should be personally held up to ridicule. Mr. Sayce evidently holds that the evil that the historian wrote lives after him, and gleefully helps to ensure that all the good shall be interred with his bones. Nothing, however, would surprise us more than to find that Herodotus was invariably accurate in his Egyptian travels: and we cannot profess any sympathy with this minute dissection of his errors. Nor can the following patronizing peroration at all reconcile us to Mr. Sayce's general attitude:—

"It was with this view of almost boundless waters (of the inundation) that the journey of Herodotus up the Nile came to an end. He returned to Memphis, and from thence pursued the way along which we have followed him to Pelusium and the sea. His note-book was filled with memoranda of all the wonders he had

seen; of the strange customs he had observed among the Egyptian people; above all, with the folk-tales which his guides had poured into his ear. At a later day, when his Eastern travels were over, and he had leisure for the work, he combined all this with the accounts written by his predecessors, and added a new book to the libraries of ancient Greece. From the outset it was a success, and though malicious critics endeavoured to condemn and supersede it, though Thucydides contradicted its statements in regard to Athens, though Ktésias declared that its Oriental history was a romance, and Plutarch discoursed on the malignity of its author, the book survived all attacks. . . . In spite of our own knowledge and his ignorance, in spite even of his innocent vanity and appropriation of the words of others, it is a pleasure to travel with him in our hand and visit with him the scenes he saw. Nowhere else can we find the folklore which grew and flourished in the meeting-place of East and West more than two thousand years ago, and in which lay the germs of much of the folklore of our own childhood." The writer who can speak thus of Herodotus might be expected to speak disrespectfully of the Equator. Nevertheless, though we read little to the credit of the old historian, we gain a clearer insight into his Egyptian travels and the causes of his limitations—the state of the inundation during his visit, and how it was that he did not mention certain prominent monuments, such as the Sphinx. Mr. Sayce takes us along in Herodotus's boat, and makes us clearly understand where he went, and especially what he missed seeing, what he neglected to see, what he pretended he had seen, and in what his Carian dragoman deceived him. This is an account of Herodotus the ill-informed tourist, not of "the Father of History." We rebel against the point of view, but we cannot but be grateful for the amount of recently discovered information grouped about the Greek historian's legends. If any one would know the present state of archaeological exploration in Egypt, let him pocket his feelings, and read Mr. Sayce's extremely useful and interesting little work.

MR. BASIL WORSFOLD'S LECTURES.

"South Africa. A Study in Colonial Administration and Development." By W. Basil Worsfold, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1895.

IT is difficult to say to what category of work this volume belongs. The author, who spent some two years in Cape Colony and Natal, tells us he has "endeavoured to set out in a connected form the most important features in the past history and present circumstances of South Africa." From the title-page, the preface, and the list of contents the reader will assume that he is about to peruse a specially prepared history. Hence it is somewhat surprising to find at the top of every second page, as though it were the title of the book, "Lectures on South Africa." Apparently the chapters are lectures which publishers and author, on second thoughts, decided to give to the world as an original "study in colonial administration and development." The circumstance that the chapters were prepared for lecture purpose accounts to some extent, no doubt, for the somewhat ragged treatment of the subject, the generally discursive style, and the glowing peroration to each chapter. As a series of popular addresses, the book might serve. As a study, it is superficial and slipshod. Mr. Worsfold confuses dates, and when he does not go wrong himself the printer is inclined to do so for him. Does Mr. Worsfold believe that Calicut is "on the east coast of Hindostan"? His book tells us that it is. Henry the Navigator died in 1460, not in 1473, as Mr. Worsfold says. "1885," as the date of Sir Henry Bulwer's appointment to the Governorship of Natal, it is clear from the context, is a printer's error. It is wholly incorrect to say that Lord Carnarvon succeeded in 1868 in uniting the colonies of British North America in a single federal system. The Dominion was created in 1867, and Lord Carnarvon was not in office in 1868. Lord Carnarvon did nothing more than produce a Bill to give effect to the views of the colonies themselves.

Mr. Worsfold sketches the history of South Africa from the time when the Dutch sent out Van Riebeck, in 1651-2, to found a station at which Dutch vessels engaged in the East India service could obtain supplies and leave their invalids. When the station had developed into a colony, the Dutch at home thought it was the business of the colonists to exist for the special benefit of the mother-country, and the colonists in their turn thought only of exploiting the natives in South Africa. In 1688-90 a batch of Huguenots found refuge at the Cape, and an idea of Dutch methods is afforded by the insistence of the earlier settlers on the use of the Dutch language by the French immigrants. The Huguenots speedily lost their identity so far as language was concerned. A fitting commentary on this suppression of French individuality was given in 1827, when the English, who finally secured possession of the Cape in 1806, decreed that the official language of the colony should be English. This step towards Anglicization, combined with the humanity which at that period marked the conduct of the British towards the natives, was one of the reasons which induced the Boers to start an independent government beyond the Vaal. The history of South Africa is made up of the conflicts of Boer with Briton, and of both with the Kaffir. Mr. Worsfold evidently knows little about the Boers, and takes it upon himself to warn them that, if they continue to place themselves in opposition to the progress of South Africa, Nature herself will decree their suppression. Apparently it is Mr. Worsfold's idea that the "intelligence and progress of South Africa" are focussed in Mr. Cecil Rhodes, but he chiefly upholds Mr. Rhodes because he believes that the Ex-Premier of the Cape is a true friend of native rights—an expression of opinion which shows that Mr. Worsfold has no knowledge of the inner workings of recent South African affairs. One of the best chapters in this book deals with the Bechuanaland Settlement, and enlarges on the importance of protecting native interests. Sir Charles Warren was sent to Bechuanaland in 1884 to protect the independence of the natives, and the energetic action taken by the Gladstone Government on that occasion may usefully be borne in mind, though it would be a mistake to attribute the expedition solely to a determination to uphold the rights of the blacks. It is inevitable that the expansion of the European races in South Africa should bring with it certain hardships for the natives. These have never occasioned the Ex-Premier much concern, and Mr. Worsfold's idea that Mr. Rhodes is chiefly anxious to preserve native rights was assuredly not borne out by Khama's visit to England some months ago.

A CORRESPONDENT'S CAREER.

"Recollections of Paris." By Captain the Hon. D. Clifton-Bingham. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1896.

THE reminiscences of a man who has been in the movement at a time and place where history is in the making are generally worth reading to those who regard the matter of a book of supreme importance and the manner of no account whatever. Thus if Captain Bingham talks a great deal (one can scarcely call such garrulous slipshod English, writing), it may at least be acknowledged in his excuse that he has a great deal to talk about. He may, indeed, be regarded as a man twice blessed of fate. Not only was he permitted "to brew the brave drink Life" in Paris, but in the Paris of the Second Empire, the Paris of the Duc de Morny, of Roger de Beauvoir, of Mme. Musard; and, after the Second Empire had been annihilated by the Prussian bayonets, it was Captain Bingham's luck to experience the sensations of siege, and that aftermath of insurgent democracy that preceded the nascent Third Republic. As a representative of the "Pall Mall Gazette," Captain Bingham had facilities both for observing events and people, of which he seems to have availed himself with spirit and a genial sense of humour.

That strange undercurrent of romance which tinges the story of the Latin races like the reflection of a rose in a mirror, gathered some intensity when Louis Napo-

leon, reinforced by Mrs. Howard's passion, and not a few of her pence also, came over from exile to pick his crown out of the gutter at the point of the sword. In the same romantic way his brother, who was born of the *liaison* of Queen Hortense with the Comte de Flahault, was appointed President of the Chamber in the first days of the Third Napoleon's reign. None were better fitted for the task of keeping the wolves in leash than the Duc de Morny, by which name he thereafter became known. Captain Bingham describes him as "more distinguished than handsome; a man whom Lord Chesterfield would have found after his own heart as far as outward graces went." Unluckily, de Morny had grand ideas of expenditure as well as of politics, and was thereby seduced into financial schemes as illegitimate as his birth. The fatal Mexican expedition cost his country more blood and money than any of the others. But de Morny, with the exquisite extravagance which ever distinguished him, left a hundred and forty fine horses in his stables at his death, besides *bibelots* that were sold for £100,000, and £30,000 a year to his heir. Captain Bingham did not, however, keep his eyes and his ears shut to the manifold phases of Parisian life. He has a delightful story of Bache, who, having been imprisoned for a ludicrous practical joke, was taken to the theatre by an armed escort each night, so that the public might not be deprived of his wonderful talent. Nor would we have missed his *chronique scandaleuse*, in which is included the histories of those fair and frail ladies who had a pretty talent for mixing politics with patchouli, and bent both king and courtier to their whim with a smile and a sublime audacity. When the feverish interlude which had caused Napoleon to make Mlle. de Montijo Empress of the French had subsided, Margaret Bellanger succeeded the astute Mrs. Howard, and nearly caused a rift in the Imperial household. Curiously enough, none of the Phrynes of that day were of Gallic blood. Cora Pearl was English. The death of Pepita Sanchez betrays her Spanish origin. Having quarrelled with her lover, she threw herself out of the window so that her body fell on the pavement at his feet. Musard, again, was American, with an enormous fortune obtained through the discovery of oil on a piece of land bestowed upon her by a former admirer. The ceilings of her mansion near the Arc de Triomphe were painted by Chaplin, who, calling one day, discovered the lovely Musard sitting on the back staircase in tears. Iniquity had begun to bore her.

When the dogs of war were let loose these butterflies fluttered away into oblivion. Captain Bingham does not impute the responsibility of the 1870 disaster either to Napoleon or the Empress. "Had war not been declared," he writes, "there would have been a revolution." He lays the desertion of the Tuileries and the eventual capitulation of Paris at General Trochu's door, and adds that, if the army had been subjected to the discipline which the Jacobin War Ministers imposed upon it, "it is hard to believe that the Germans round Paris would have been able to hold their own." Doubtless Captain Bingham was a trifle weary of "gigot de chien à la Bismarck," and "salmi de rats à la Fritz," and was glad to see the termination of the siege on any terms. Being an alien, his opinion acquires a double weight. The uselessness of crying "peace, peace, when there is no peace" was, however, very soon proved. The mob, infuriated by famine and burning with the lust of rapine, were more fatal to the gay city than the Prussians would have been. Ultimately the Third Republic rose on the ashes of the Commune, and France devoted her mercurial energies to the raising of statues. From Captain Bingham's last chapter we gather that even the life of a foreign correspondent is not all glory. He is occasionally called upon to serve his countrywomen by sending them cooks, poodles, and fancy dresses, as well as to supply his countrymen with news. He seems to have particularly disliked cashing their cheques and meeting them at railway stations, which shows, perhaps, more prudence than gallantry on his part. We almost suspect him of sympathy with the taciturn husband, in the best of all his stories, who returned home after an absence of years. His wife, not being apprised of his imminent return, was staying in the country when he arrived in Paris. Instead of an affectionate communication of his

arrival, he merely indited the question "Where are my shirts?" The lady made this epistle the grounds for divorce; yet they say women have no sense of humour.

On the whole, a great proportion of Captain Bingham's book merits the labour both of remembrance and record. As a *raconteur* he is apt to be diffuse, though this is probably a quality rather of style than of mind. He is never animated by strong feeling of any sort; and if in maintaining the judicial attitude his book gains in trustworthiness, it loses something of the human vibration. He is a pleasant companion when met in its pages; but one realizes that he is not a born writer, and that he is likely to be more interesting in real life than he appears in the glimpses we get of him in his book.

"GENIUS AND SHEER FUDGE."

"The Works of Edgar Allan Poe." 8 vols. London: J. Shiells & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1896.

"The Works of Edgar Allan Poe." With an Introduction and a Memoir by Richard Henry Stoddard. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1896.

EDGAR POE, after all, resembled—cruel as the judgment may seem—the fool who insists upon telling her dreams. To a recollection of the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield is, perhaps, to be attributed this feminine pronoun; for the Vicar's Deborah persistently told her dreams. Hers, however, were the dreams of a dull good health, and their interest she would proclaim to be purely an interest of prophecies and omens. It was not with the dream for the dream's sake that she bored her family in the morning; she had the literary or anecdotic allusion. Poe dreamed more artistically; and with a touch of authentic delirium. But even so, dreams are not for telling. You may communicate the dream, but you cannot transfer the dream emotion. In sleep there is hypertrophy of the faculties of terror, and this condition is not to be reproduced or recalled; it can only be languidly remembered. Now it is quite easy to recognize the incidents, images, words (for words are as terrific as anything) that wrought terror in a dream; but it is quite impossible to bring the terror into the waking hours. And that is how a sincere man ought to confess that he reads Poe's stories. The noise of the murdered man's heart beating audibly in his grave is obviously a dream incident; it was remembered by Poe from his own sleeping experience, and he knows how horrible it was then. But he cannot make the sane and waking reader feel it, or anything like it. He has but committed the old folly of telling his dream. It was a good dream, full of fears for which sane and waking words, whereby men communicate, have no name. Nevertheless he would have been wise to keep the whole thing to himself. Does this seem a harsh reply, not only to the famous stories themselves, but to the exclamations of horror and emotion wherewith for a long half-century the readers of English in two hemispheres have agreed to applaud them? But Poe was not always telling his dreams. Sometimes he only tried to imitate them, as in the story about the Inquisition and the pit. Here we know at once that there has been a long constructive effort, and nothing like an imaginative experience. The two classes of stories are perfectly distinct and different. To the second class our complaints of the transposition of the night life into the day do not apply. Neither by the dream nor by the imitation of a dream, however, are we much moved; neither by the buried lady of the House of Usher, nor by "The Maelstrom"; but for us and for others so unluckily insensible there remains another class of Edgar Poe's stories, of which "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" and "The Golden Bug" are the type. They are the first and, in right of their imaginative quality, the best, of detective stories. They are not—even though by saying so we should take the favourite word of the hour out of many mouths—they are not weird. They are good construction and destruction—stories which the author has walked round and surrounded, and they fulfil their not very subtle purpose to the utmost.

As to Poe's poetry, it has hardly been sufficiently—if at all—acknowledged as typically Celtic; it is that, and so

was the poet, to judge from the portrait that makes the frontispiece of the Routledge edition of his works. If ever there was an Irishman, it was Poe. Looking at the full face, with the manifestly true and resembling expression of the lifted eyes, one is struck with a likeness—a likeness that remains anonymous; it is obtrusive, but there is no possibility of closing with it and making it personal and final; until at length the truth appears—it is not a likeness to any single man, it is a startling, striking, and subtle likeness to a race. When Frenchmen admire Poe with such historical admirations as that of Baudelaire, for example, they suppose themselves to be the discoverers and discerners of something alien, exotic, and far-brought, to be hospitable and liberal beyond the wont of the national temper of their time in the art of letters. None the less was there an old kinship between them and their dear foreigner, a kinship which language had merely disguised. The Celtic magic in its second class of spirit and life, and the Celtic eloquence of its best, are in Edgar Poe's poems.

He knew himself sufficiently to know that the poem "To Annie"—the only passage of his writings that veritably shakes the heart—was his highest success. With "To Helen" and a few lines from "The City in the Sea" and "Dreamland," this poem proves his genius. By the way, the biography written by Mr. Henry Stoddard corrects, once for all, the amazement with which the less well-informed amongst us have taken the lines

The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome

as the work of a boy of fourteen. They were, in fact, written into the fourteen-year-old poem, many years after, as a *pentimento*, the original being commonplace enough. The first volume of this edition contains plenty of biographical matter besides Mr. Stoddard's Memoir, and almost too much of the contemporary criticism. The edition in eight volumes is decorated with photogravures by Mr. F. C. Tilney, of rather dainty effect, but unequal in intelligence as designs. One of the best is the illustration to the "Murders of the Rue Morgue," with its great completeness and elegance, and the worst is the drawing for "Ulalume"—as might have been expected. The illustrator should not have mistaken the morning star (Venus with a "duplicate horn") for the moon. Was it necessary, too, in the text of the stories, to respect Poe's consistently execrable French? The edition, however, is a beautiful one, and complete beyond criticism. Poe's trivial comments on fugitive—swiftly fugitive—contemporaries are all enshrined.

FICTION.

"Erica's Husband." By Adeline Sergeant. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1896.

"Gildas Haven." By Mrs. Haycraft. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.

"A Wedding, and other Stories." By Julien Gordon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1896.

IF Miss Adeline Sergeant has taught us to fear no emotions of a soul-stirring order from the work of her pen (that honest implement that would seem to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion), she has at least accustomed us to expect a simple and probable plot, with actors lifelike, if not living, to carry it on. Like the average visitor to the Academy, erect before the average portrait on its walls, she leads us now and then to exclaim, "How well the wall-paper comes out!" In this case, however, of "Erica's Husband," outraged probability has its complaint to add to that of ignored art. The plot is foolishly improbable, acted by characters improbably foolish. That a writer who can do better should insist on turning out work of this kind at intervals of six weeks is pitiful. A few more immoderately bad books from Miss Adeline Sergeant, and it will be justifiable to inquire, "Who wrote her moderately good ones?"

"Gildas Haven" is a readable little story about a very good man who was "High-Church," and a very good girl who was "the soul of Rehoboth"—Rehoboth being her father's Dissenting chapel. The author

dwells on the merits of both forms of worship with a touchingly apprehensive impartiality, the marriage of the Established and the Independent uniting most differences towards the end of the book. It is pathetically allegorical and replete with benignity. If novels are to be written about dogma at all, they are least offensive written in this unassuming tone, with its obvious soothing motive. A touch of possibly unconscious humour refreshes the reader when the union turns out not so very happy after all, and the conscientiously differing couple are driven out of their own parish by Sunday School difficulties and forced to carry their varying gospels among the "heathen" somewhere near Egypt. The importance of orthodoxy pales before the absence of any "doxy" whatsoever, and the helpless heathen afford an excellent neutral ground for husband and wife to work upon in concord. Every one on board sings a hymn as the vessel starts out, and the prospect brightens up all round, and looks rosy for all but the heathen. It is hard to resent anything in such a dear little book; but why, in the name of exasperation, is it written in the present tense?

The collection of stories under the name "A Wedding" is well worth reading. The first one strikes a note of genuine passion, the longest in the book ("The First Flight") is full of quiet humour, and the two that deal with the life-romances of elderly women are pathetic enough to recall Miss Mary Wilkins. Taking them as readable short stories rather than as more ambitious attempts, they are charming, and well above the usual specimens one meets with in "reprints." One good point is that all the tales are written with equal care: the contents of the waste-paper basket have not been thrust in to "fill up."

"The Carbuncle Clue." By Fergus Hume. London: Frederick Warne & Co. 1896.

"Not by Man Alone." By Marian Rogers. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1896.

"A Sweet Disorder." By Norma Lorimer. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1896.

Mr. Fergus Hume's detective, in "The Carbuncle Clue," is indeed a marvel of cunning. On page 64 he touches a Peruvian on the shoulder. "The effect on the Peruvian was miraculous; he wheeled round with an oath, and his olive face changed to an unpleasant green hue. 'Halloa!' thought Rixton, skilful at detecting signs of guilt, 'our friend here has a bad conscience. Humph! he's done something . . .'" and so on. After suspecting every one of his acquaintances in turn (the author having ingeniously brought each and all to the scene of the murder just before it took place), the wonderful Mr. Rixton gets what he considers a delicate hint. He is informed that the criminal has an anchor tattooed near his wrist and the little finger missing from his left hand. He at once triumphantly seizes the first person he meets who combines these two advantages, and the curtain falls on his gleeful "Ha, ha! I was right all along!" Most intelligent children of thirteen would have written a better detective story than this one.

"Not by Man Alone" is a foolish jumble of innocent convicts and forbidden banns—stale, flat, and, we should think, unprofitable.

"A Sweet Disorder" is not at all a bad little book. It is written in a somewhat amateurish fashion, but with spirit and humour, and is amusing reading. The beauteous Daisy, with her blind lover, was something of a "stick" to our notions; but not so Molly, who tries governing, and comes to the conclusion that "Hell must be full of other people's children." Molly is refreshing, and her adventures make good reading. The background of some parts of the book is the Isle of Man, but there is, mercifully, little of it.

"A Riverside Romance." By Mrs. Edward Kennard. London: F. V. White & Co. 1896.

"The Gleekim Inn." By James C. Dibdin. London: Constable & Co. 1896.

"The Real Lady Hilda." By B. M. Croker. London: Chatto & Windus. 1896.

"A Riverside Romance" is distinctly gruesome as to the romance, and both picturesque and bright

as far as the river is concerned. There is a splendid young beauty with sturdy wrists who goes salmon-fishing, and makes notable captures of "twenty-eight pounders" without thinking twice about it. Why she should finally have to be crushed under a cliff, locked in the arms of a peculiarly objectionable mother, after a futile effort to marry her half-brother, is for the author to say. If the book had been confined to the fresh little love-story, interspersed with vivid pictures of salmon-fishing in Norway, that the earlier half of it leads one to expect, it would surely have been worth more than this particularly ineffective attempt at tragedy.

"The Gleekeim Inn" is by way of being a tale of smuggling in the '45. There is little in it concerning smuggling, however, and a good deal about the rather vague love affairs of a runaway young woman and two men, who go through desperate adventures of a confused sort in a manner which leaves the reader not only cold, but yawning.

"The Real Lady Hilda" is a bright and clever little bit of sarcasm, a trifle crude here and there. As the title-page confesses, it can only claim to be a sketch, and not a finished novel. It tells how one Mrs. Hayes was good to a charming Lady Hildegard Somers out in India; how she nursed her, kept her luxuriously for three weeks in her own house, and sent her finally to the station in "the Rajah's own carriage"; how the same Mrs. Hayes comes open-armed to England, to be welcomed, as she imagines, by the same Lady Hilda; and how she is allowed to die, uncared for, of pneumonia, at the latter's very gates. It is a savage little story—sometimes even over-savage—but readable throughout, and, as we have said, decidedly cleverly written.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Classes and Masses; or, Wealth, Wages, and Welfare in the United Kingdom." By W. H. Mallock. London: A. & C. Black. 1896.

MR. MALLOCK is the Sir Arthur Sullivan of economics. He is constantly told how much he could do in serious contribution to his art if he liked, but he prefers to write for his own audience, and give the public these delightful little works, well within its understanding, that no one but himself could write. In "Classes and Masses" we have a handbook for practical people, with the modest aim of instructing persons engaged in political work and political speaking as to some of the main facts and principles underlying the economic condition of the people. He proves such points as these: that pauperism is decreasing; that nearly the whole of the advantages gained during the past half-century have gone to the working classes; that the lot commonly called the "lot of the poor" is the normal lot of human life; that the "living wage" cannot be more than the sum which a man who pays no rent can extract by his own labour from the worst soil under cultivation; that wages depend upon prices, not prices on wages; and concludes the book with the significant statement that, "should a man wish to identify the points in the social system which are unalterable, he will find them in the very points which Socialists and similar reformers most desire to alter." We are, of course, thankful for clear and charming exposition such as we always find in Mr. Mallock's books, but we cannot help again deploring the limits which he puts upon himself.

"The Science of Money." By Alexander Del Mar. Second Edition. London: Effingham Wilson. 1896.

This second edition is doubled in size, and revised in so many respects as to have little resemblance to the former edition, published in 1885. Mr. Del Mar is an acute and picturesque writer, with a weakness for erudition and the methods of controversy. But he has always been somewhat impatient of the slow methods of science; witness his writing his "History of the Precious Metals, from the Earliest Times to the Present," in a mining country, "cut loose from technical books," to quote his own words. He shows little knowledge of economic writings since Mill and Bastiat, and writes suggestive and interesting dissertations on value without any idea, apparently, of the recent vast literature on that subject. Thus his books, though marked by great ability, require that strong digestion which is none the worse for some questionable elements in the fare, and they scarcely rank as serious contributions to the science of money, however valuable they may be as materials for such.

"A Financial Atonement." By B. B. West. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1896.

The Jabez Balfour episode has much to answer for; among others, financial novels like this. Mr. West seems to think that

there is romance enough in the doings of an unscrupulous company-promoter to dispense with the human interest which is supposed to be the primary one in the novel. His hero, Mr. Arthur Briggs, who is, of course, of low extraction, a Dissenter, and with one soft spot in an otherwise cold-blooded personality, gets, by dint of financial genius, the same body of shareholders to subscribe successively for such preposterous companies as the Convertible-Church-Music-Hall-and-Chapel Association, the Metropolitan and Suburban Cats-Vacation-Boarding Company, &c. Whilst he is attending a dying sister these companies burst up, and Mr. Briggs stands "mute, impassive, his face set like a flint," confronting "the hoots, the jeers, the curses" of the infuriated shareholders. "All that he said was, as if talking to himself: 'May I perish, body and soul, but they shall be paid.'" How he "atones" by committing a dozen or so colossal crimes, and, amassing thereby a fabulous number of millions, pays the shareholders off in full by cheque, and dies on the platform when announcing his restitution, we shall leave the reader to find out for himself—if he thinks it worth while.

"History of New Zealand." By G. W. Rusden. 3 vols. Second edition. Melbourne: Melville, Mullen, & Slade. 1895.

People who are interested in the history of New Zealand will not necessarily find much to excite them in the personal woes of Mr. Rusden, or his private views of General Gordon's mission to, and betrayal in, Khartoum. In the first edition of his History Mr. Rusden made a very serious mistake. On the authority of a statement furnished to him by a governor, who in his turn made it on the authority of a bishop, he declared that Maori women were maltreated on an occasion when no women were present. Action for libel was promptly taken against Mr. Rusden by Mr. Bryce, the member of the New Zealand Government whose honour and humanity were impugned. When Mr. Rusden discovered his mistake, he withdrew the offending passages; but the action was proceeded with, and a verdict, due, as Mr. Rusden thinks, to the misdirection of the jury by the late Baron Huddleston, was given for the plaintiff with £5,000 damages. Mr. Rusden underwent a series of mishaps in regard to his legal advisers, and ultimately succeeded in exhausting the patience of Mr. Justice Field and Mr. Justice Manisty in an application for a new trial. The fact that Mr. Rusden had very good grounds to complain of the harshness of the punishment, seeing that he did all in his power to make amends for his mistake, may be admitted, without discovering one particle of excuse for the infliction on the reader of some forty pages dealing more or less discursively with the action and its aftermath. Equally little justification is there for the reproduction at the end of a book on New Zealand of a long pamphlet on General Gordon—duly accompanied by extracts from letters of approval from friends of Gordon. Mr. Rusden's sole excuse for a review of the speeches and Blue Books relating to Gordon's mission is a recollection that in the first edition of this History regret was expressed that the Imperial Government did not avail itself of Gordon's "galantry, wisdom, humanity, and piety" in New Zealand, instead of employing him, in 1865, in a minor office at Gravesend. Mr. Rusden lacks both a sense of proportion and a sense of relevancy. His work undoubtedly has its merits and might be pruned into a most attractive and almost invaluable record. But he is a man of strong prejudices, and it would be difficult to say whether he considers himself or the Maoris more fully entitled to sympathy at the hands of all right-meaning and right-minded people.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE best article in this month's Reviews is Mr. Morley's criticism of Mr. Lecky's views on Democracy, and with this one exception the "Nineteenth Century" is not remarkable; the exception, however, is sufficiently big. Mr. Morley's blows rain in upon Mr. Lecky from every side; and there is a gaiety of attack which increases the convincingness of his criticisms, and is in itself a pleasant thing to behold. The most confirmed hater of Democracy ought to be able to read the article with enjoyment. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt hopes that the Dongola expedition will be allowed to drop, and puts Italy in the first place among the reasons for the unexpected move. Mr. William O'Brien threatens that Ireland may turn to America and ask the President of Congress to intervene as in the case of Venezuela, and it is his opinion that, if an arbitration tribunal were set up by England and America, Ireland's wrongs would be the first difficulty down on the list for settlement. The Education Bill is discussed from Radical and Nonconformist standpoints by Mr. Macnamara and the Rev. Guinness Rogers; both writers appear to think that by some not quite impossible changes the Bill would become satisfactory. Viscount Halifax has a many-sided appeal for Christian reunion, Dr. Emil Reich gives a glowing account of Hungary, and the Hon. John Collier a survey of portrait-painting from classical times. We seem to have read innumerable articles exactly like Dr. Fenton's on cycling for ladies. Mr. Edward Dicey is afraid England will not stand

up for her rights enough in the Transvaal, and may thus lose South Africa.

"The Fortnightly" is on a fair level of interest, though it contains nothing striking. The Egyptian question is treated chiefly from the military side by Major Griffiths. Neither of the articles on South Africa is very pointed, though Mr. H. L. W. Lawson has a few facts to give about Rhodesia. In the first of the three papers on National Education the Rev. J. W. Horte points out that Disraeli opposed the religious compromise in Mr. Forster's Bill; in the second Major-General Sim gives an account of how some of the big expenses have been incurred by the London School Board; and in the third Mr. C. L. A. Skinner brings forward three reasons for objecting to Mr. Macnamara's opinion that the London Board should have control over secondary education—first, the Board has too much to do already; secondly, elementary education is a science in itself, it is not preparatory, but final; and, thirdly, what is needed is registration of secondary schools, not interference with their management. An anonymous writer contributes the usual dull pages about Imperial Federation. It is a queer fact that this noble and engrossing dream so often becomes trivial and uninteresting in print. A pessimist Tory sighs over the Conservative party. Mr. W. S. Lilly, on the whole, approves of Schopenhauer's explanation of the ludicrous, and we are glad that he accounts him "unquestionably one of the most profound and penetrating intellects of this century." Mr. Wedmore contributes some graceful passages from his poet's diary. Mr. Garnet Smith has written one of the readable articles in the Review—readable, though, rather for the subject than its treatment—on "The Women of George Meredith."

The "Contemporary" is better than it has been for some time. For one thing, we would rather hear our foreign politics discussed by a foreigner than by an Englishman. To know that Mr. Jules Simon knows that England is going to Dongola to protract the war and make herself necessary in Egypt is so much more interesting than to hear this or any other guess being made by an Englishman. Besides, the French are so clear and easy to understand, especially when their articles are in English. An anonymous history of Armenia and the Powers does not disclose any novelties; but it is readable. E. H. P. draws the old distinction between Russian statecraft and the Russian people, and he makes a good point when he remarks that the wonderful perfidies and cunning of diplomacy are often just blunders or accidents misunderstood. Mr. Havelock Ellis has brought together statistics of the number of times various writers, from Homer to Olive Schreiner, use the words red, white, blue, and so on through the colours. The results which he gets from his figures are most surprising and entertaining. Not only do the colours characterize the writers, but the colour "curves" would be an interesting study in themselves. The Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley does not agree with the two other Progressives in the "Nineteenth Century" in thinking that the vagueness of the new Education Bill is perhaps a hopeful sign. Mr. Alfred Wallace agrees that M. Elisée Reclus is right in suggesting that a gigantic model of the earth would be of excellent geographical value; but he wishes for a concave, not a convex, globe. We certainly think Vernon Lee is better when she is writing on the technique of fiction than when she is discussing Art and Beauty in the abstract. Dr. Barry contributes an enthusiastic and vigorous picture of Swift. Besides M. Deloncle's discussion (in French) of the evacuation of Egypt, and the iniquities of the Dongola expedition, there are two entertaining articles in the "National Review," one by Miss Kingsley on her ascent of the Peak of Cameroons, and the other by Mr. W. R. Lawson on Kaffir mines, consolidations, reconstructions, and banks. Mr. H. J. Butler's "Mr. Hardy as Decadent" is as feeble as the title of the article would indicate. Sir Charles Tupper gives the facts of the Manitoba school question, and if the Imperial article is not particularly interesting in what it says, it is interesting as coming from Canada. Mr. Diggle finds a good many faults in the Education Bill, but they are less faults of conception than of execution; the Bill, he says, is not an anti-School Board Bill.

The "New" Review is not up to its highest level, though one of the two articles on South Africa is engrossing—Mr. Iwan-Mueller's. It is an admirably clear statement of the Home-country's sins against Sir Bartle Frere. George Fleming counts without her reader when she makes the best scene—in fact, the only scene—in her story, the only part that is properly represented, not only a recollection years after the event, but a recollection of what never took place. The reader stolidly refuses to face the fact that this long vivid scene did not actually come off, and is but the woman's dream of what might have happened.

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THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education: and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful, indeed, if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools, entitlements, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.
HUYSHÉ SOUTHWARK.
CHARLES BURNEY.
J. ERSKINE CLARKE.
C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington:
16 March, 1896.

London Diocesan Board of Education.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

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The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel
Métropole, on SATURDAY, May 9th, at half-past six o'clock.

The Right Hon. CHARLES STUART WORTLEY, Q.C., M.P., in the chair.
Dinner Tickets, including wines, 1 guinea. Donations will be received and thank-
fully acknowledged by Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., Treasurer; Walter W. Oules,
R.A., Hon. Secretary; Douglas Gordon, Secretary, 19 St. James's Street, S.W.

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having deposited the same under the Plan and Agreement of Reorganisa-
tion, dated March 16th, 1896, said Plan and Agreement are hereby
declared operative.

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deposit same under the terms of said Plan and Agreement, but only on
payment of the following penalties:—On Bonds, Dividend Certificates,
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pany of New York for Bonds deposited under the Bondholders' Agree-
ment of February 19th, 1894, not already stamped by us as assenting
to the Plan and Agreement of March 16th, 1896, are hereby notified to
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May 7th, 1896, in order that we may stamp their approval thereon.
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Guildhall,
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